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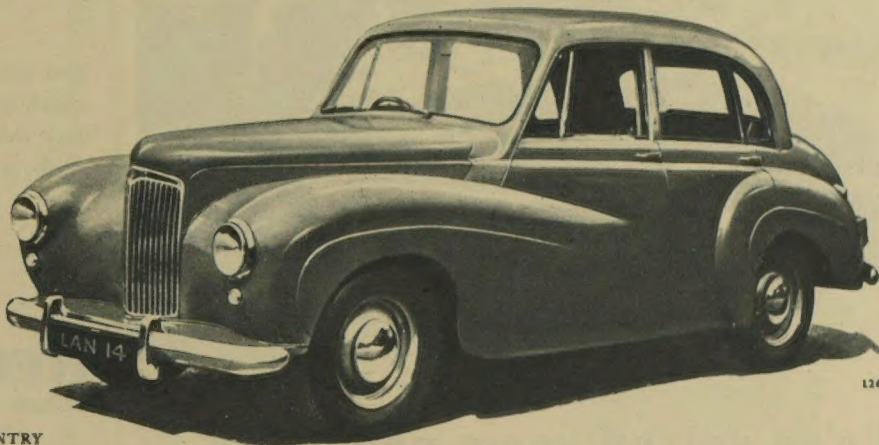
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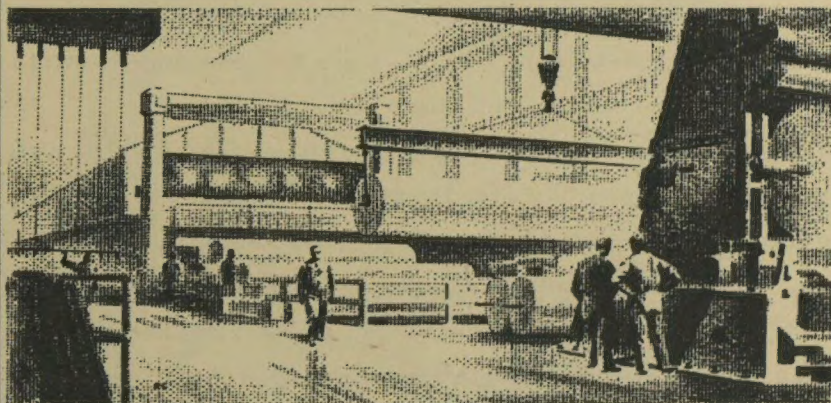
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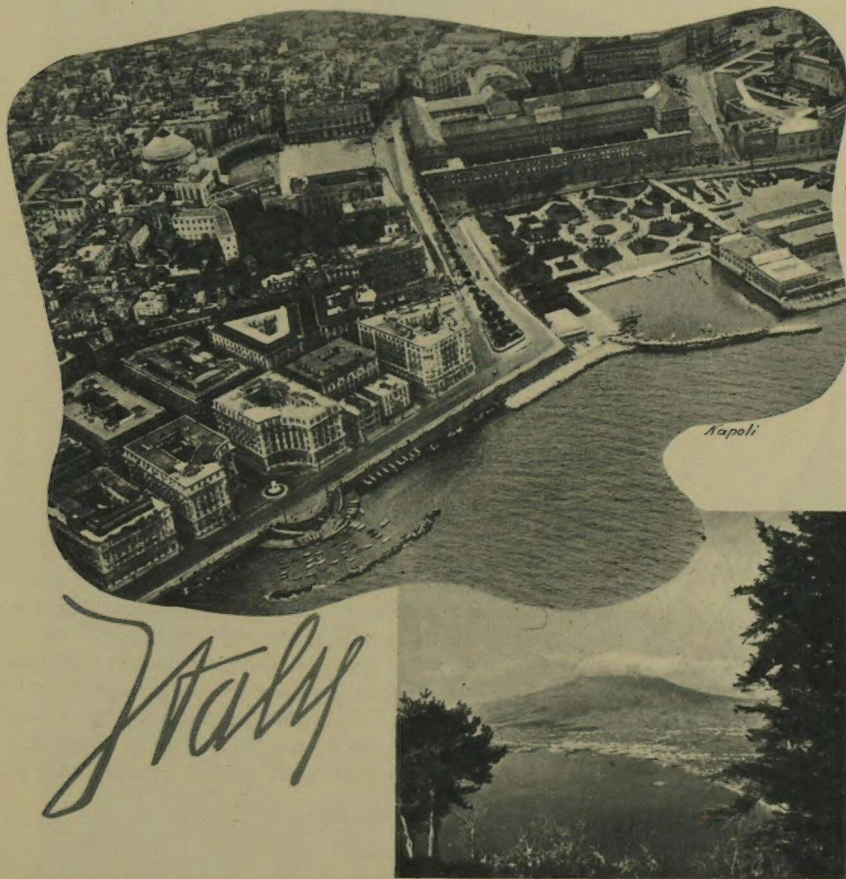
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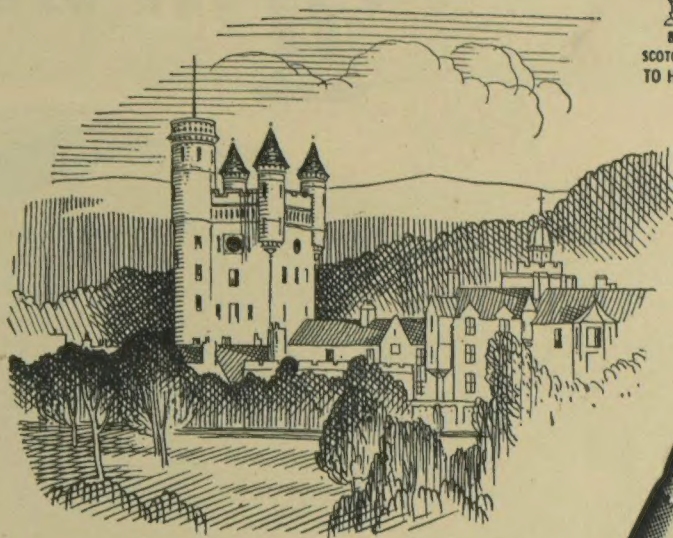
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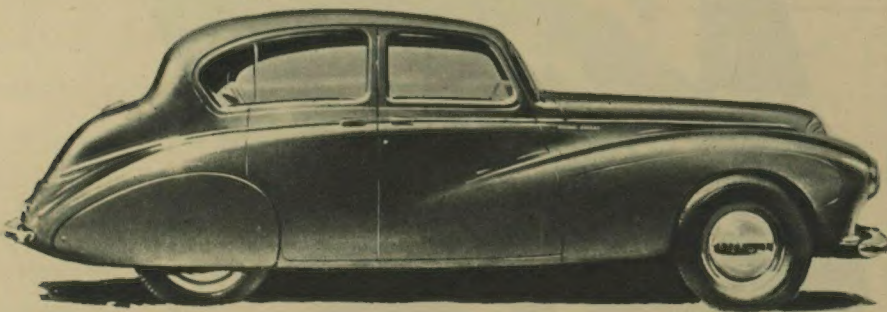
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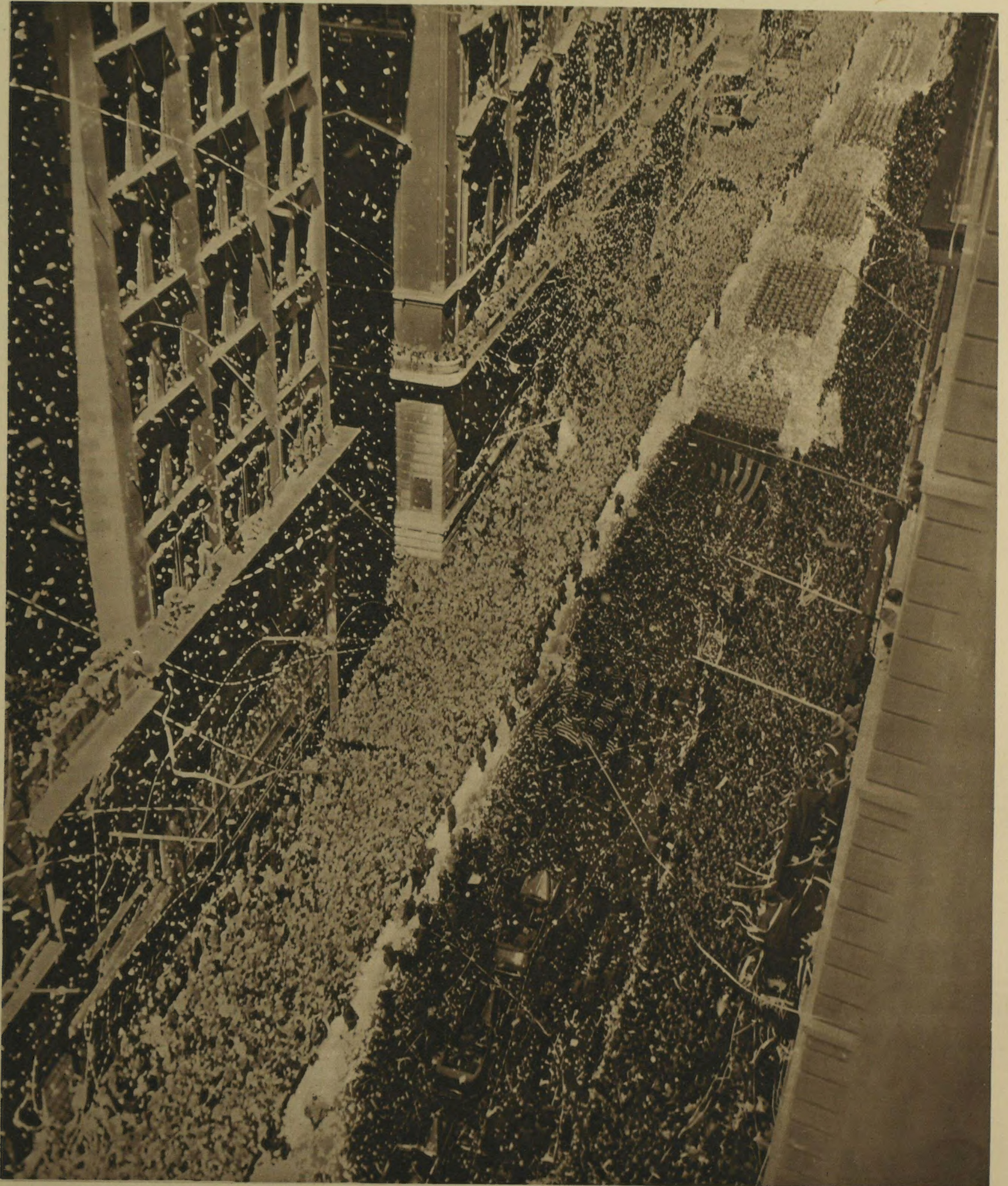

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SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1951.



NEW YORK'S ECSTATIC WELCOME TO GENERAL MACARTHUR: THE PROCESSION ALMOST OBSCURED BY A "SNOW-STORM" OF TORN-UP PAPER AND TICKER TAPE AS IT MOVES UP BROADWAY ON APRIL 20.

No returning commander can have had a greater reception than that accorded to General Douglas MacArthur by New York on April 20, during his drive of 15 miles through the city and in a parade from the Battery to the City Hall for an official reception. It is estimated that five million or more people assembled to welcome him. The procession of cars was headed by over eighty motor police, every window along the route was occupied,

and a "snow-storm" of torn-up paper and ticker tape almost obscured the parade, while aircraft spelt out greetings in the sky. When the procession moved up Broadway, General MacArthur climbed on to the back seat of the car he occupied with the Mayor of New York. The procession halted so that the Archbishop of New York, Cardinal Spellman, could greet the General outside St. Patrick's Cathedral.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

IN the course of a single week two great men—both leaders in the Cold War against the Kremlin—have been removed, the one by political action, the other, more tragically, by death. General MacArthur's recall from Tokyo has been welcomed, though I think unfairly, by Englishmen of all Parties and classes; Ernest Bevin's death, itself swiftly following his retirement from the Foreign Office, has been genuinely deplored and mourned even by his most convinced political opponents in this country. Both were men of the highest courage and persistence, and both, in their strongly contrasted ways, most formidable opponents of those who wish to make the whole world conform by force to a totalitarian pattern of thought and behaviour. But the means by which Ernest Bevin sought to attain his libertarian ends were intrinsically democratic, and were therefore universally applauded in a country which, however seemingly conservative and law-respecting, is fundamentally democratic and parliamentary in all its political processes. The means pursued by MacArthur often gave the appearance, even if a false one, of being autocratic and unparliamentary. His spectacular pro-consulship of the Far East bore, in English eyes, a stamp that seemed almost Fascist. He was, therefore, mistrusted and even disliked by many who, had they known him better or understood American ways, would have been among his greatest admirers. For he was, and is, a very great man, and for all his superficial shortcomings, a great servant of the Western cause. So was Ernest Bevin.

Two more strangely contrasted figures than General MacArthur and Ernest Bevin can scarcely ever have existed in the same contemporary world. MacArthur was flamboyant, aristocratic, solitary, soldierly—a Coriolanus; Bevin unspectacular, plebeian, inherently clubbable and fundamentally civilian—a true Consul of an Anglo-Saxon People. He was the nearest thing England has ever had to a Danton, and as different from him, by virtue of the fact that he was very English, as the traditional John Bull from the traditional Monsieur. He made

everyone who came in contact with him feel that here was a man as solid as the hill of Bredon and as unmistakably English. He had something about him of Burke's phrase about the thousand great beeves at pasture; it had taken, indeed, a thousand years of English evolution to make him. MacArthur was the product of a swifter, though no less impressive process, the lightning merger of the hundred and one races, the diverse ends of the earth, that make up the great Republic of North America. For this reason, indeed, while it was so easy for Englishmen to understand Bevin, it has been so difficult for them to understand either MacArthur or the American adulation of that bright, multi-coloured figure. His, indeed, was the "star-spangled manner" that sober Englishmen find it so difficult to tolerate and dismiss, with ill-concealed disdain, as in bad taste. For just as your 100 per cent. Englishman will always appear to your true-born American as a "limey," a 100 per cent. Yank will always seem to an Englishman "a bit of a bounder." The aristocratic MacArthur, with his obsequious entourage and dramatic gestures, struck the shocked English in much this way. To an American, it must be remembered, these were no more symbols of unfitting behaviour than the "speed-cops" in front of their President's car are symbols of Fascist autocracy. They were merely like the flourishes—of democratic, one-for-all, and all-for-one, patriotism—that Sousa put into his noisy, glorious American marches. There is all the difference in the world, if Englishmen could only realise it, between a Nuremberg Rally and the bands and banners of an

American Party Convention. The difference is best expressed by the decision the United States took in 1917 and 1941. Nor was there ever any doubt of that decision. MacArthur, with his fine American flourishes from his Tokyo viceregal lodge, was no more a Hitler or a Mussolini than was Ernie Bevin in his Foreign Office flat in the Prince Regent's erstwhile palace.

There is another aspect of General MacArthur, unintelligible to Englishmen, that appeals deeply to the American soul. The greatest traditional figure in American historical mythology was not a shoving, big-boasting 100 per cent. go-getter, uninhibited, emotionalist vulgarian of good will and practical genius—a kind of Yankee Robinson Crusoe—but a stately, almost inhumanly majestic aristocrat named George Washington. It has been, I suspect, part of MacArthur's immense popular appeal to the great-hearted citizens of the United States—one almost impossible for Britons with their different history to understand—that the General of the Pacific has appeared to have so many of the characteristics—even the somewhat chilling and, to a democratic age and people, forbidding characteristics—of the General

of Valley Forge. MacArthur belongs to the classic, Virginian tradition of American history—one to which a very different America owes so much, even to this day, as to place it almost beyond criticism. If at times he has seemed to speak with a more authoritarian voice than the generals of sober parliamentary democracies are expected to speak, this did not make him less dear to the American people, but dearer. It was so that the Father of the Republic spoke when his faith, courage and serenity stood, almost alone, between it and destruction. An English critic of General MacArthur should never forget this.

There is something an American should try to remember, too. The only General who has ever had any enduring impact on English domestic, as opposed to purely military history, was a General named George Monk. He was not a particularly distinguished General on the battlefield; his most considerable actions, indeed, were fought



IN DISAGREEMENT WITH THE SOCIALIST GOVERNMENT ON MAJOR POLICIES: MR. ANEURIN BEVAN, MINISTER OF LABOUR AND NATIONAL SERVICE SINCE JANUARY, SEEN WITH HIS WIFE, MISS JENNIE LEE, M.P., SHORTLY BEFORE HIS RESIGNATION WAS ANNOUNCED.

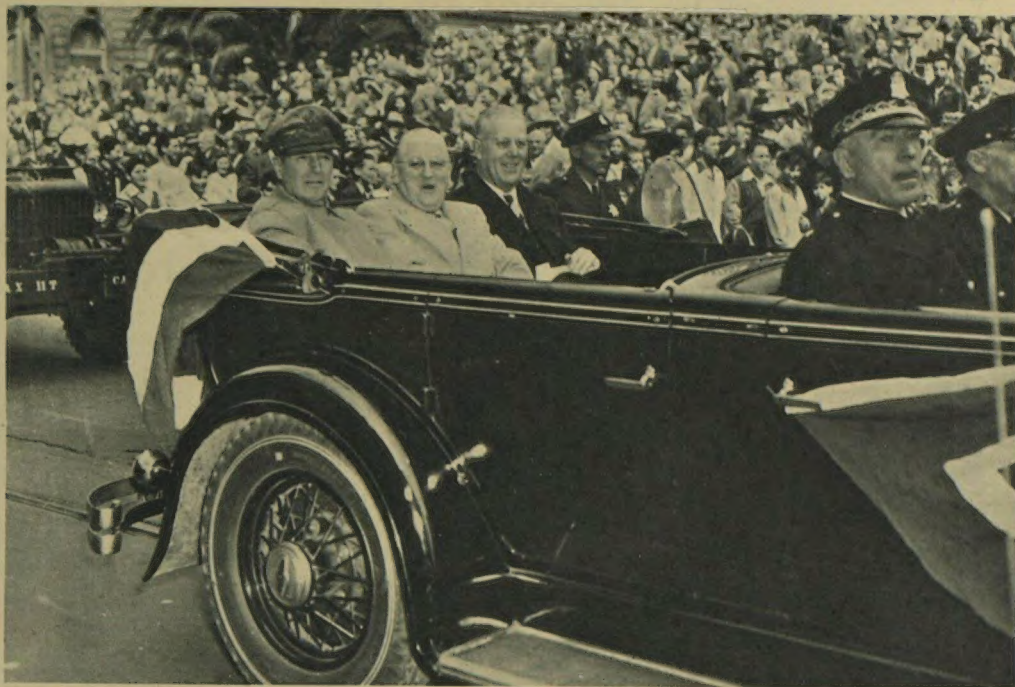
It was announced on April 23 that Mr. Aneurin Bevan, Minister of Labour and National Service, had resigned from the Government. The announcement followed a period of speculation about his position since he had declared in a speech at Bournemouth before the Budget that he would leave any Government "which makes charges on the National Health Service for patients." In his letter of resignation to Mr. Attlee Mr. Bevan made it clear that his differences with the Cabinet are, however, far wider. He launched a general attack on the whole principles of the Budget. Shortly before Mr. Bevan's resignation, the Socialist fortnightly, *Tribune*, whose editorial policy is controlled by his wife, Miss Jennie Lee, and Mr. Michael Foot, Member of Parliament for Devonport and his closest adherent, published a bitter attack on the Budget. Mr. Bevan, who is fifty-three, now returns to the Government back benches after six years of office in the Cabinet, first as Minister of Health and, since January, as Minister of Labour. Following Mr. Bevan's resignation it was announced that Mr. Harold Wilson, President of the Board of Trade, had also resigned from the Government.

upon the sea, and even these were not always very successful. But as a statesman he commands a place in the esteem of Englishmen—even in that of the vast majority of Englishmen who have never heard of his name but still enjoy and cherish the great English political principle he established—a place rivalled only by that of, at the outside, half-a-dozen of our greatest political leaders. That principle was the subordination, under all and every circumstance, of the military to the civil arm: of the Force that possesses physical power to the Force—of law and democratic will—that has no physical power at all. Of all the political blessings Englishmen enjoy—*Habeas Corpus*, the independence of the Judiciary, the permanence of the Crown, Parliament itself—this is, perhaps, the greatest, and the work in the first place of shrewd, honest, 100 per cent. English George Monk. How great a blessing it is can be seen by comparing the state of India before British rule was established there—a constant prey to warring, predatory, all-powerful and lawless armies—with the state of India to-day, when the Indian Army, deeply and proudly imbued with the great tradition of obedience to the civil arm which its former British officers taught it, is the faithful servant of the State: the preserver, not the destroyer, of the life, peace and property of the Indian masses. That, I suggest, gives the measure of General Monk's achievement, and the real explanation of the impatience and resentment which the British public displayed at some of the recent actions and utterances of America's darling and greatest living military son.

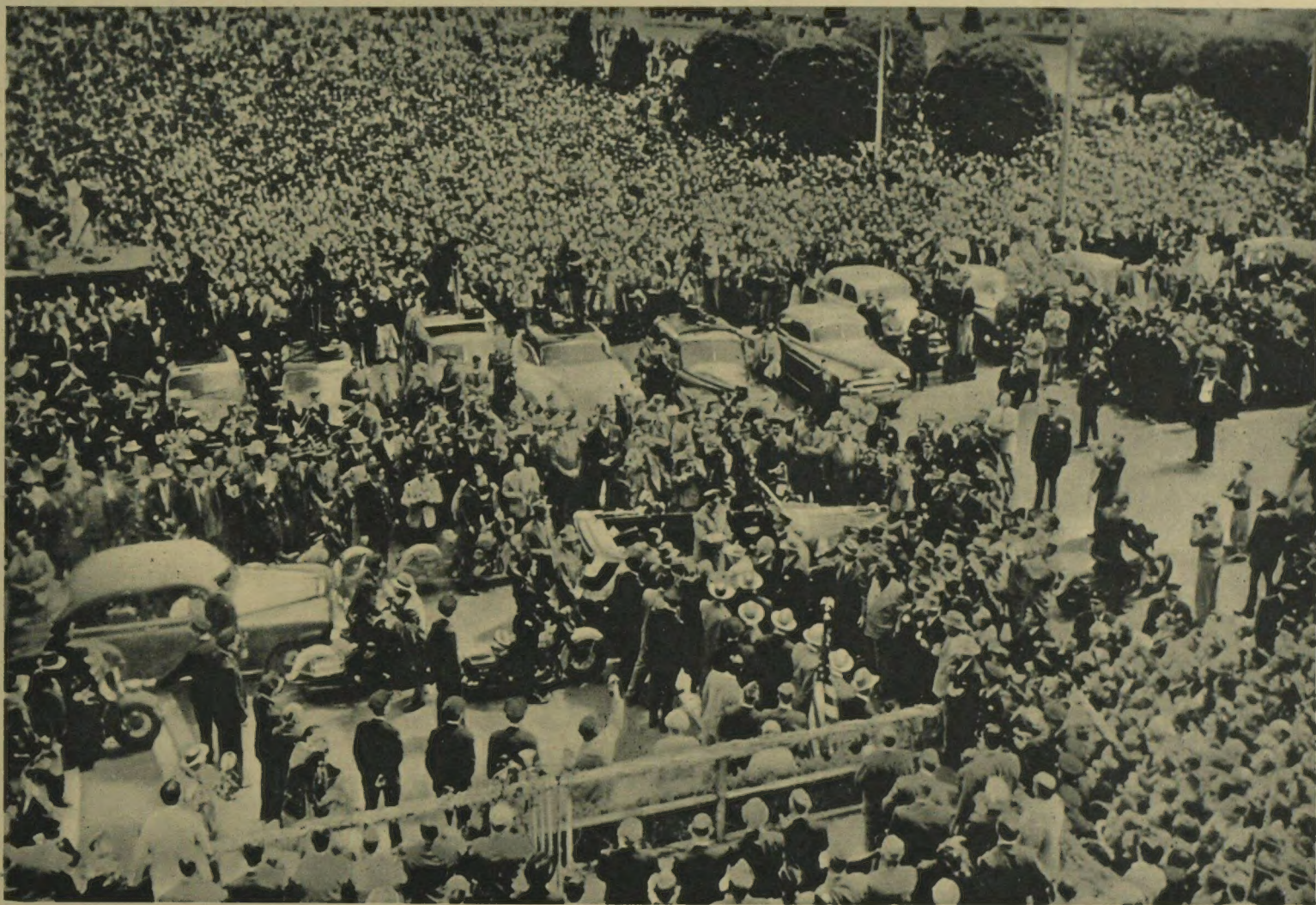


AT THE AIRPORT, SAN FRANCISCO, ON APRIL 17: GENERAL MACARTHUR SALUTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR. HE IS WITH MRS. MACARTHUR AND THEIR SON ARTHUR.

GENERAL MACARTHUR, formerly Supreme Commander Allied Powers, Commander-in-Chief United Nations Command, Commander-in-Chief Far East and Commanding General United States Army, Far East, was on April 11 relieved of his commands by President Truman because he "was unable to give his full support to the policies of the U.S. Government and of the United Nations in matters pertaining to his official duties." He had not been in the United States for fourteen years, and his return to San Francisco took place on April 17. He was welcomed by the Mayor of San Francisco, Mr. Robinson, and the Governor of California, Mr. Earl Warren. More than 500,000 people assembled in the morning to greet him on his route to the City Hall, where he made a speech in which he insisted that he has no political ambitions. Placards "MacArthur for President" had been displayed.



LEAVING HIS HOTEL IN SAN FRANCISCO FOR THE CITY HALL ON APRIL 18: GENERAL MACARTHUR WITH MR. ROBINSON, THE MAYOR, AND (R.) MR. EARL WARREN, GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA.



ILLUSTRATING THE SIZE OF THE CROWDS WHICH ASSEMBLED IN ORDER TO GREET THE GENERAL ON HIS RETURN TO AMERICA: THE SCENE OUTSIDE THE CITY HALL, SAN FRANCISCO, ON APRIL 18. GENERAL MACARTHUR IS LEAVING HIS CAR (CENTRE).



"I HAVE NO POLITICAL ASPIRATIONS": GENERAL MACARTHUR ADDRESSING A HUGE ASSEMBLY OF MEN AND WOMEN OUTSIDE THE CITY HALL, SAN FRANCISCO, ON APRIL 18.



SHOWING A "MACARTHUR FOR PRESIDENT" PLACARD, DISOWNED IN HIS "NO POLITICS" SPEECH: GENERAL MACARTHUR BETWEEN MR. ROBINSON AND MR. EARL WARREN.

GENERAL MACARTHUR'S RETURN TO AMERICA AFTER FOURTEEN YEARS' ABSENCE: SAN FRANCISCO'S WELCOME.



AS THE CROWD SAW GENERAL MACARTHUR: THE SCENE OUTSIDE THE CITY HALL, NEW YORK, ON APRIL 20. (SEE OUR FACING PAGE.)



THE FORMAL LUNCHEON TO GENERAL MACARTHUR ON APRIL 20: AT THE HIGH TABLE (L. TO R.) CARDINAL SPELLMAN, ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK; AN UNIDENTIFIED GUEST; MRS. IMPELLITTERI; MR. IMPELLITTERI, THE MAYOR OF NEW YORK; GENERAL MACARTHUR (STANDING); MR. GROVER WHALEN; MRS. MACARTHUR; A GUEST; MR. BERNARD BARUCH.

ENTHUSIASTIC CROWDS AND A FORMAL LUNCH: ASPECTS OF NEW YORK'S DAY OF GREETING TO GENERAL MACARTHUR ON APRIL 20.

On our facing page we illustrate the scene at the City Hall, New York, on April 20, when General MacArthur addressed the huge crowd outside the building after he had been presented with a medal within it, as viewed from the City Hall. Our upper photograph on this page shows the same scene as it appeared from a position opposite to the building. The rostrum from which the General spoke is in the centre of the decorated stand built out before the front entrance. The celebrations in honour of General MacArthur included a formal lunch at the

Waldorf Astoria, which began an hour after the scheduled time, owing to the delays caused by the immense enthusiasm roused by the parade, and continued until after 6 o'clock. In our photograph, General MacArthur is shown addressing the company at the lunch. At the end of this long day the General looked tired, but his doctor stated that "he had stood the ordeal better than any of us." By eight o'clock in the morning of this day of celebration and tributes he had received telephone calls from 1200 people in distant States.



"MACARTHUR DAY" IN NEW YORK: THE RETURNING GENERAL ADDRESSING A CROWD OF SOME 100,000 IN CITY HALL PARK ON APRIL 20, AFTER HE HAD BEEN PRESENTED WITH A GOLD MEDAL.

The magnitude of the welcome which New York gave to General Douglas MacArthur on April 20 may be gauged from our photograph of him addressing the crowd—estimated at 100,000—assembled in City Hall Park. The presentation of a specially-struck gold medal had been made in the City Hall, and after this ceremony, the General addressed the huge throng outside. He began by saying: "This is the greatest city in the world. What an inspiration to see it again"—a reference to his fourteen years' absence from the United

States—and continued: "This is America and this, with God's help, we shall keep American." It is impossible to exaggerate the enthusiasm with which the General was received in New York, and the welcome was not a hysterical one, but a heartfelt and spontaneous greeting. He was obviously very pleased, although he showed no great animation most of the time. Only when the parade passed up Broadway and the welcome reached perhaps its zenith, did he seem to have difficulty in controlling his emotion.

A TUDOR TRAGEDY.

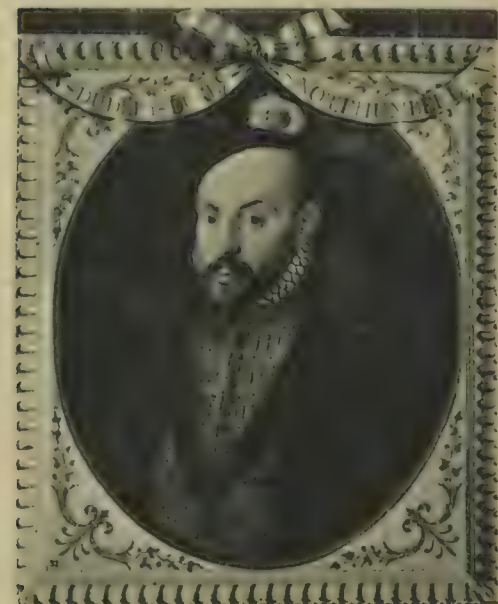
"THE QUEENMAKER: A PORTRAIT of JOHN DUDLEY, VISCOUNT LISLE, EARL of WARWICK and DUKE of NORTHUMBERLAND, 1502-1553"; By PHILIP LINDSAY.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

A LITTLE time ago I said here that I did not think that there had been any biographies in English of Pushkin since Prince Mirsky's. I have just received a letter saying that I was wrong, and that there have been two. Had a great-aunt of mine owned the British Museum Reading Room and bequeathed it to me, I might have elected (though, somehow, it doesn't seem likely) to have lived on the premises and been able, at a moment's notice, to verify all such references from the Catalogues. That did not happen; so, hedged about as a writer in the public prints always is, by serried rings of lynx-eyed scrutinisers waiting eagerly for a slip, I am constrained to say that, *so far as I know*, there has never before been published a Life of John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland. Certainly Mr. Lindsay does not list one in his brief Bibliography. But if somebody writes in to say that an Archdeacon of Totnes produced such a "Life," printed at Exeter in 1864, I shall reply "Thanks for the information," but not "Peccavi."

Mr. Lindsay's title though he must have had difficulty in finding one—is not quite precisely descriptive. The name "Kingmaker" is associated with a former bearer of the Warwick title (a popular one—in the interim it had been borne by Clarence's son Edward, who was beheaded by Henry VII.); he

earned it; he was a great soldier and, when he changed sides, England changed kings. John Dudley, though he showed himself a good soldier in warfare against the Scots and French, never changed the succession by force of arms and "made" but one Queen, and that the "nine-days Queen" poor little learned innocent Lady Jane Grey; and he did that in a desperate but unsuccessful effort to save his neck. As for the book being "a portrait," Mr. Lindsay does his best with the scanty material he can draw from the chronicles and the Calendars of State Papers; but his subject, like many of his contemporaries, was an enigmatic man at best, and his character and motives in this narrative are a good deal more shadowy than his clothes and surroundings. His was an age of enigmatic men struggling for power or survival in a mesh of intrigue. Of that mesh Mr. Lindsay gives a



JOHN DUDLEY, VISCOUNT LISLE, EARL OF WARWICK AND DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, 1502-1553.
(By kind permission of Lord Sackville.)

"portrait" vivid enough; and the greater part of his book deals with the brief reign of the boy Edward VI. and the briefer reign of the girl Jane, each of them surrounded by dark, bearded, tight-lipped Renaissance figures of whom even the most sincere and tolerant, the Protector Somerset, was capable of executing his own brother. Throughout the whole book we live in a welter of treachery and blood, and as the curtain falls, with Queen Mary's marriage to Philip II., there are more gloomy times ahead.

John Dudley came of a noble and ancient family; but his father was no warrior, but the lawyer who, with Empson, was one of the twin instruments of the avarice and oppression of Henry VII., the nearest analogue to Louis XI. which this island has ever produced. "The King's death on April 22nd, 1509, relieved the terribly taxed people; but it doomed Edmund Dudley. The dying King had granted a general pardon and had paid the debts of prisoners committed to the compters of London and to Ludgate for debts amounting to forty shillings or less; thus did he hope to save his miserable soul and to bribe his way into heaven. But he left his ministers naked before the merchants and landowners they had despoiled at his commands, and the new king, young Henry VIII., had no cause to protect them. While confirming his father's general pardon, he exempted four-score others, including some remaining Plantagenets and the unhappy Empson and Dudley. No easier method of courting popularity could have been found. What were the heads of his father's ministers to Henry when England howled for their blood?"

The blood was shed; and the possessions confiscated. The boy John, aged eight, passed into the guardianship of Sir Edward Guildford, Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports: it was after that guardian that he was later to name (against the custom of the time, which preferred saints' names at the font) his son Lord Guildford Dudley, who was to be married to Jane Grey, and die on Tower Hill on the same day as his wife. "That his father had lost his head under the axe was no disgrace. Rather was it something of which he could boast, such an execution in those times being considered almost a patent of nobility."

By the time Henry VIII. died, he had distinguished himself in the field and at sea, married his guardian's daughter, bred a large family, been appointed Lord High Admiral, acquired vast estates and influence; and as Earl of Warwick and Viscount Lisle he was one of the sixteen executors left in charge of Edward VI. for the period of his minority. The Imperial Ambassador foresaw the trouble which might ensue from the competitions of the executors; within a fortnight

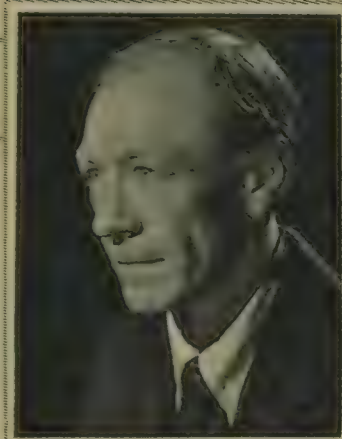
of Henry's death he wrote (of Dudley and Somerset): "It is likely that some jealousy or rivalry may arise between them because, although they both belong to the same sect, they are nevertheless widely different in character: the lord admiral being of high courage will not submit to his colleague. He is in higher favour with the people and with the nobles than is Somerset, owing to his liberality and splendour. The protector, on the other hand, is not so conspicuous in this respect, and is looked down upon by everybody as a dry, sour, opinionated man. . . ." "The same sect" they belonged to in a sense, and Somerset was certainly a convinced Protestant: as for Dudley (though his alleged crypto-Catholicism squares ill with his violent persecution of Papists and destruction of images) he died a Catholic confessing his former errors, but had never shown much trace of genuine conviction. As for the feelings of "the people," the Ambassador was probably right about the sort of people he himself met. With the rural population it was different: Somerset was a strong opponent of the enclosures, the stealing of commons, and the ruinous (to the peasantry) multiplication of sheep: London and the big land-owners were against him.

The struggle between the two ended when Dudley had the King's uncle executed on a trumped-up charge of treason. Dudley reigned supreme; his ambition was limitless; nothing short of the throne in his family would satisfy him. He induced the dying King to rule Mary and Elizabeth out of the accession and bequeath it to Jane Grey; and he married the helpless Lady Jane to his equally helpless son Guildford. It was his last throw: he had gone too far: the accession of Mary would have meant the block for him anyhow. He attempted, after the pathetic coronation, to hold his position by arms, and his followers all faded away. Execution followed. In the Chapel of St. Peter-ad-Vincula "by strange chance, they lowered John's coffin to rest beside that of his once friend and victim, Edward Seymour, the Lord Protector Somerset; and there to this day they lie, bones and dust together, united in death." Lady Jane and her husband were kept prisoner for some months: Wyatt's rebellion forced Mary's hand, and their blood too

stained the soil of Tower Hill. She died nobly. Perhaps she had an old example in her mind. When she was very young Roger Ascham had come upon her reading the *Phaedon* of Plato: that dialogue contains the profoundly moving account of the slow death of Socrates.

Dudley had courage and ability: these qualities quite often accompany villainy and insane ambition: he is unlikely, now or ever, to win much sympathy. His ability he transmitted to at least one son: Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester and Queen Elizabeth's favourite who, like his father, felt no ill-effects from the paternal execution. That Robert had a son Robert whose legitimacy was disputed. He went to Italy, drained the marshes between Pisa and the sea, made Leghorn a great port, and was created a Duke of the Roman Empire by Ferdinand II., taking (perhaps with a sense of comedy) the title of Duke of Northumberland. One of Dudley's daughters married a Sidney, and was the mother of Sir Philip Sidney. In the female line the Sidneys are still at Penshurst, and one of the portraits Mr. Lindsay reproduces comes from there.

Mr. Lindsay makes no pretensions of elaborate scholarship for his lively book; it has been written, he says: "for the general reader and not for the expert." I think he might perhaps have spared the general reader one unqualified assertion. He says of Henry VII. that "his title to the throne was so feeble that he was forced to murder the princes in the Tower—and, of course, blamed his predecessor for the killing." His title to the throne was certainly non-existent, and he certainly would have been deterred from the murders by no scruples: both he and his son were sedulous in butchering the remaining Plantagenets (including the aged Lady Salisbury) on the slightest excuse. But although Mr. Lindsay is not the first to suspect that Henry was the criminal and that history (as often by the victorious party, or the opposition) has been cooked, is going rather far in making this blunt and unsupported statement. That sort of thing is unwise, too; it might lead some readers to wonder whence he derives support for some of his other statements. History is history, even if meant for the "general reader."



MR. PHILIP LINDSAY, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Mr. Philip Lindsay, an historical novelist and film-story writer, was born in 1906 in Australia. After working as a journalist in Sydney, he came to England in 1929 to try to have his MSS. published. He is the author of a number of historical and biographical works and over twenty novels. His autobiography, "I'd Live the Same Life Over," was published in 1941.



"THE MAN WHO 'MADE' THE 'NINE-DAYS QUEEN,' POOR LITTLE LEARNED INNOCENT LADY JANE GREY": JOHN DUDLEY, DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

(By kind permission of Lord De L'Isle and Dudley and the National Portrait Gallery.)



JOHN DUDLEY'S ONE-TIME FRIEND AND VICTIM: EDWARD SEYMOUR, DUKE OF SOMERSET.

(By kind permission of the Duke of Somerset.)
Illustrations reproduced from the book "The Queenmaker": by Courtesy of the publishers, Williams and Norgate, Ltd.

* "The Queenmaker: A Portrait of John Dudley, Viscount Lisle, Earl of Warwick and Duke of Northumberland, 1502-1553." By Philip Lindsay. Illustrated. (Williams and Norgate; 25s.)

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 670 of this issue.



BEFORE ADDRESSING A JOINT MEETING OF BOTH HOUSES OF CONGRESS ON APRIL 19: GENERAL MACARTHUR (CENTRE, LEFT; HAND RAISED) ACKNOWLEDGING AN OVATION.



DELIVERING HIS SPEECH TO CONGRESS: GENERAL MACARTHUR (LEFT, CENTRE; AT ROSTRUM) WITH (BEHIND; L. TO R.) MR. BARKLEY AND THE SPEAKER, MR. RAYBURN.

A HISTORIC OCCASION IN WASHINGTON: CONGRESS WELCOMES GENERAL MACARTHUR ON APRIL 19 AND HEARS HIS ADDRESS.

General MacArthur's speech to a Joint Session of both Houses of Congress on April 19 was a historic occasion. When he entered the Chamber of the House of Representatives in the Capitol, Washington, D.C., he was greeted with prolonged applause, which rose again when the Speaker, Mr. Rayburn, who sat with Mr. A. Barkley, the Vice-President, introduced him. He said that he addressed Congress "with neither rancour nor bitterness in the fading twilight of life, but with one purpose—to serve my country," and in a brilliant speech he defended his policy in the Far East and spoke in

considerable detail of the Korean campaign and of actions which he considered to be military necessities. He insisted on the importance of victory in Asia. "You cannot," he said, "appease or otherwise surrender to Communism in Asia without simultaneously undermining our effort to halt its advances in Europe," and he denied accusations of being a warmonger. He ended his thirty-six-minute address with a moving peroration: "... I now close my military career and just fade away, an old soldier who tried to do his duty as God gave him the light to see that duty. Good-bye."



WHERE RIOTING AND STRIKES HAVE BROUGHT THE WORLD'S GREATEST OIL REFINERY ALMOST TO A STANDSTILL: ABADAN FROM THE AIR, WITH TANKERS IN THE SHATT-AL-ARAB (L.).

TANKS IN THE STREETS OF ABADAN, AND SCENES OF CONTINUING TENSION.



THE FUNERAL CEREMONY IN AN ABADAN CEMETERY FOR THE TWO BRITISH SEAMEN KILLED BY THE MOB'S FURY IN THE OPENING OF THE ABADAN COMMUNIST-INSPIRED RIOTS.



PATROLLING THE STREETS OF ABADAN IN AN ATTEMPT TO RESTORE LAW AND ORDER: PERSIAN TROOPS IN U.S. M-24 LIGHT TANKS, RECENTLY RECEIVED UNDER THE MILITARY AID PROGRAMME.



IN THE COURTYARD OF THE MILITARY GOVERNOR'S HEADQUARTERS IN ABADAN: PERSIAN TROOPS STAND BY, IN READINESS TO QUELL ANY FURTHER OUTBREAKS OF RIOTING.



A SCENE EPITOMISING THE ACUTE TENSION WHICH FOLLOWED THE ABADAN RIOTS: OIL WORKERS STAND ON A STREET CORNER AS A TANK OF THE PERSIAN ARMY TAKES UP A POSITION.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL KAMAL, THE MILITARY GOVERNOR OF ABADAN, REMONSTRATES WITH PERSIAN OIL APPRENTICES, WHO HAVE BEEN INVOLVED IN THE RECENT DEMONSTRATIONS.

Following the outbreaks of rioting at Abadan and Bandar Mashur on April 12, in which there were several fatal casualties, some degree of order was restored by the Persian security forces. Work was resumed in Bandar Mashur, the crude-oil port, but in Abadan itself, picketing and intimidation continued with sporadic demonstrations. About 7000 workers returned to work, and production was continued, but under great difficulties. On April 20, the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company announced that they would pay a special bonus of 35 per cent. of wages to all who

worked through the strikes and copies of a statement to this effect were distributed in the town. On April 21, three senior British employees of the Company were arrested while distributing copies of this statement, but two of them were almost immediately released. In the meanwhile, the four parties who were taking advantage of the dispute—the Communist Tudeh Party, the Fedayan Islam fanatics, the National Front and the Pan-Iranists—had begun to quarrel with each other, and most of the rioting in the town was in consequence inter-party.



"CHRISTOS PANTOCRATOR—CHRIST, THE LORD OF ALL": PROBABLY THE NOBLEST AND MOST MASTERLY OF THE GREAT SERIES OF FOURTEENTH-CENTURY MOSAICS OF THE LIFE OF CHRIST, NOW RESTORED AND REVEALED IN ALL THEIR GLORY IN THE CHURCH OF THE CHORA AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

Byzantium—Constantinople—Istanbul (with whatever name and culture it is associated) is one of the really great cities of all time; and in its history and among its stones can be found a metropolitan civilisation of thousands of years—pre-Greek, Greek, Roman, Byzantine in the narrower sense, and Islamic and Ottoman. This fact was undoubtedly recognised by the late Atatürk in 1935, when he sanctioned the conversion of St. Sophia from a

mosque into a museum of Romano-Byzantine-Christian and Ottoman-Muslim art. Slightly previous to this decision permission had been given to the late Mr. Thomas Whittemore, under the auspices of the Byzantine Institute of America (Boston), to uncover, clean and conserve St. Sophia's great series of mosaics. This work has gone forward steadily, despite some interruption during the war years, and since Mr. Whittemore's death last year it has been

[Continued overleaf.]

THE BYZANTINE MOSAICS OF THE CHORA NOW SEEN AGAIN BY THE MODERN WORLD IN ALL THEIR PRISTINE BRILLIANCE.

(Continued.)

In the charge of Mr. Paul Underwood. This great undertaking has in sense provided the core and also the spur to a great deal of other work in progress in Istanbul; and we are able here to reproduce the first photographs of the work that has been done and which is still in progress in the eleventh-century Church of the Chora. This church, which has also been known as the Kahrié Djami mosque, has been the scene of operations by the Byzantine Institute of America, parallel with their work in St. Sophia, and a remarkable series of mosaics has been revealed in their pristine glory.

(Continued below, centre.)

(SHORT.) "THEN WHEN GOT A TORRE FROM PEAKS ACTIVITY, THEY ALL THE WORLD SHOULD BE TAKEN." ONE OF THE GREAT MOSAIC LUNETTES OF THE LIFE OF CHRIST, RECENTLY REVEALED IN THE CHORA. MARY AND JOSEPH APPEAR BEFORE CYRILUS, THE GOVERNOR OF SYRIA.



(Continued.)

Although the church itself is of the eleventh century, it has a narthex—the western portico common in early Christian churches and reserved for women, penitents and catechumens—decorated with a series of lunette-mosaics telling the story of the life of Christ and dating from the beginning of the fourteenth century. These mosaics are said to date from about 1305 to 1308 A.D. and are, in consequence, contemporaneous with Giotto. They are believed to have been made at the instance of Theodorus Metochites, the Byzantine author and man of

(LEFT.) "AND SHE BROUGHT FORTH HER FIRSTBORN SON, AND WRAPPED HIM IN SWADDLING CLOTHES, AND LAID HIM IN A MANGER." THE BIRTH OF CHRIST, WITH THE SHEPHERDS ON THE RIGHT, THE CHORUS OF ANGELS ON THE LEFT, AND IN THE FOREGROUND THE BATHING OF THE CHILD AND A STRIKING REPRESENTATION OF ST. JOSEPH.



(Continued.)

8 ft. high, is exceptionally impressive and commanding. The background to the head is of gold and silver tesserae, with flecks of colour. What is of great interest is what may be described as the "portrait quality" of the heads, which are far from being mere hieratic symbols. St. Joseph in particular seems to arouse the interest of the unknown artist or artists. Several of the pictures, notably that of the appearance before Cyrenius, show the curious Byzantine convention of inverse perspective, which also gives an oddly "modern" look to the buildings on the right of the Return to Nazareth.

(LEFT.) "AND HE AROSE AND TOOK THE YOUNG CHILD AND HIS MOTHER AND CAME INTO THE LAND OF SYRIA." THE RETURN TO NAZARETH, AFTER THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT. AND (LEFT) THE ANGEL APPEARING TO JOSEPH IN A DREAM. IN THIS, AS IN THE LEFT-HAND PICTURE, THE BYZANTINE INVERSE PERSPECTIVE IS VERY NOTICABLE.

learning who was a principal minister of the Emperor, Andronicus II. Palaeologus. The mosaics were known to exist, and indeed were partly uncovered, but the work done by the Byzantine Institute in cleaning and consolidating them has virtually rediscovered them and restored them to their pristine brilliance and their due place among the masterpieces of late Byzantine art. As can be seen from the photographs of five of the series, which we reproduce, the mosaics are of exceptional interest, both in subject and treatment. The nobly modelled Christos Pantocrator, of which the bust is

(Continued above, right.)



(RIGHT.) "AND JOSEPH ALSO WENT UP FROM GALILEE... TO BE TAKEN WITH MARY HIS REPUTED WIFE." JOSEPH AND MARY ON THE WAY TO BETHLEHEM, PRECEDED BY A MAN CARRYING A BUNDLE. THE BACKGROUND IN THIS IS OF GOLD AND SILVER TESSERAE WITH OCCASIONAL FLECK OF OTHER COLOURS.

BEFORE writing of the war in Indo-China I will devote a few words to a subject connected with another and a greater campaign in Asia. A fortnight ago I wrote of the position of General MacArthur. That article was in type before the announcement of his dismissal by President Truman, and time did not admit of any alteration to it. Fortunately, there was little in it which I should have changed if I had had the opportunity. Now that the blow has fallen, however, it may be fitting to glance once again at the circumstances in which this great figure was removed from his commands. On balance, it appears to me that the President's action was justified. Some of the General's recent pronouncements came perilously near to defiance. On the other hand, it does not seem correct to assert that he disobeyed orders; his offence was that he publicly advocated a war policy which, rightly or wrongly, was opposed to his instructions, and that he persisted in doing so. As I have said in my previous article, a deep debt of gratitude is due to him for the part he played in saving the Korean campaign from complete wreckage. This makes the triumphant comment of those who were the worst defeatists—in a few cases hoping for defeat, in others squealing with fright—all the more nauseous. But even among the honest and courageous he has become more than ever a figure of controversy, and that I find saddening.

General de Lattre de Tassigny, who has also been called a political figure on occasion, has made no such mistake, and is fortunate in receiving stronger support from the French Government than his predecessors. He merits all the support that can be given him. For the first time sentiment in the country at large shows real signs of improvement, while the military situation in the more troubled regions, especially the Red River delta, is decidedly better. It has been said that the political programme makes his task less difficult, which is true up to a point. The French have indeed put forward a political programme which appears to possess a greater prospect of success than previous drafts, and more people than before seem to believe in their sincerity. Yet this political amelioration is not by any means the sole creator of the military amelioration. On the contrary, the military successes have made a strong contribution to it. And, as I pointed out in an article on leadership some weeks ago, taking the achievements of General de Lattre and General Ridgway to illustrate my text, the influence exercised by the former, in a brief period of command, on strategy, tactics, and the spirit of the troops has been of outstanding quality and value.

The most notable feature of recent operations has been the improved showing of the Vietnam troops. (I was, by the way, struck by the smart and soldierly appearance of the young man shown in a photograph in *The Illustrated London News* of April 14 receiving a decoration from the hand of General de Lattre.) They have played a big part in the major fighting both in defence and attack. This is, of course, the only fighting, just as the delta is the only area, which can be given much space in our newspapers, but I am told that in other parts of the country which are more obscure and where troubles are on a smaller scale, the story has been the same and that the spirit of irregulars and the local equivalent of our Home Guard has also risen. In many primitive districts little autonomous forces have been created by the communities themselves and have in some cases acquired arms from the rebels. Their attitude to the French hardly comes in question. Their object is to protect themselves from the depredations of Vietminh, which may amount to a combination of tyranny and robbery, though its methods seem to vary. There would appear to be many inhabitants of Indo-China who, while expressing no great enthusiasm for the French, show no desire to be "liberated" by Vietminh.

The heaviest fighting, however, and the biggest concentration of force is to be found on the northern side of the Red River delta. The Song-koi, to give it its local name, rises in the Yunnan Province of China and runs to the sea, at Haiphong, forming with its tributaries a rich, low-lying basin. To the north the country is broken and hilly, rising to the Chinese frontier. It was the scene of a sharp struggle with Chinese forces in 1884, when the younger Négrier, after driving them out of Langson, pursued them into their own territory. He was the victim of a reverse at Bang-bo, but, having retreated to Langson, inflicted

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE CAMPAIGN IN INDO-CHINA.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

a heavy defeat upon them just north of the town. Last year the frontier posts in this vicinity were evacuated under strong pressure and with considerable loss. A new line of defence was established farther south, effectively covering Hanoi and its communications with the port of Haiphong, but uncomfortably lacking in depth. According to the brief reports reaching this country, the Vietminh attacks would appear to have begun on March 30, but I fancy that they actually started several days before and that the assault on the forts east of Dongtrieu on that date represented their culmination. The enemy gained temporary possession of Maokhé Mines, but was in general defeated and driven back into the *massif* to the north. A subsequent offensive west of Hanoi met with a similar fate.

Long before General de Lattre went out to Indo-China I discussed here some features of the war. I

A passive system of defence against guerillas leads nowhere, except to disaster. Defence is generally necessary, but it must be combined with the ability to strike back hard and swiftly. A great deal of latitude ought to be left to the column commanders, and it is therefore necessary that they should be intelligent, well-trained and enterprising.

In the long campaign in Cuba before the Spanish-American war, the Spanish troops were good, but too many of the officers were ill-educated and narrow men who had risen from the ranks, who were incapable of exercising responsibility intelligently and were seldom entrusted with it. Hence the unfruitful nature of a series of arduous expeditions. Where the country affords certain basic necessities, such as meat, rice, fodder for animals, the range of such columns and the time they can stay out will be greatly increased. Nine times out of ten guerilla forces display skill in devising means to strike sudden blows, but dislike above all things prolonged fighting. Rough handling exercises a more serious effect upon their spirit than upon that of regular troops. On the other hand, they recover their morale quickly on the first sign of a return to static warfare, which is the sphere in which they like to fight.

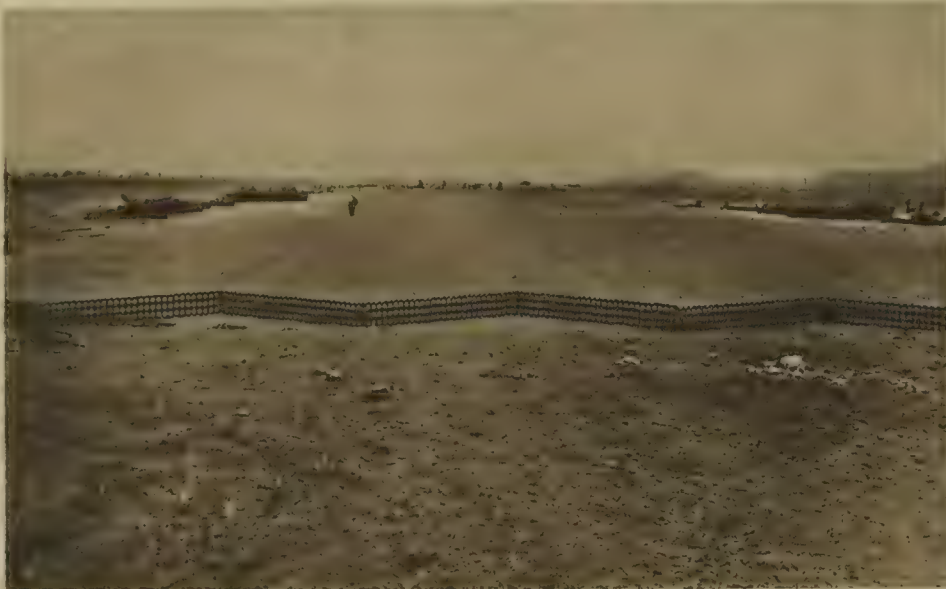
General de Lattre at once set about the creation of these mobile columns, and it may be said that the improvement in the situation dates from their appearance in the field. Yet he did not abandon fortification. In fact, he has put an enormous amount of work into the fortifications of the delta and has modernised those which previously existed. It is as unwise to decry their value as it is to rely upon them wholly. Without them mobile columns possess no firm bases from which to act. A column may indeed possess its own fortified town or area which forms its centre of operations and its *depôt*, in which case it will, of course, leave behind it a garrison when it sets off on an expedition. So far as one can judge, the measures General de Lattre has taken have resulted in the enemy being compelled to fight in greater force—which means less often—if he would fight at all. If his attacks are made more formally and on a greater scale, this should be no matter for anxiety. Every good leader

fighting irregulars wants battle; in fact, his major difficulty is to bring it about. The willingness of the enemy to indulge in a stand-up fight should be regarded as a bonus, something always to be hoped for and sought for.

The more "regular" the irregular tries to be, the happier should be the true regular. If irregular operations suffer enough checks, the guerillas are constantly tempted to "mix it." In many past campaigns this has proved greatly to their disadvantage. A recent example, I consider, is the civil war in Greece, when the rebels threw over their leader Marcos and his methods and began to organise their forces into brigades of all arms, and to accept battle with the main body of the Greek Army. The result was that they afforded such objectives as it had never had before. As I have said, the French tell us little enough about affairs in Indo-China—they might be well advised to tell us more about what is a remarkable achievement—but it does seem that the same tendency is beginning to show itself in that country, certainly in Tongking, the only district

in which forces of a dozen Vietminh battalions, or thereabouts, have been operating as a single force. If so, it may be taken as a sign of weakness rather than strength, because it is the negation of true guerilla warfare.

I do not mean these passages to be taken as standing for unrestrained optimism about the final result. It is clear that this affair will not be cleared up for some time to come, and outside influences might at any moment worsen the situation. What I do want to suggest is that the strategy, tactics and moral influence of General de Lattre have put a brighter complexion upon matters in Tongking and Indo-China generally, and have indicated the lines on which, with somewhat greater resources, the country might be pacified and move to a happier future under its own Government in friendly relations with France. I feel that there is a strong possibility of the French having been right in not listening to the advice of defeatists and in refusing to believe that Vietminh Communism represented the aspirations of the people of Indo-China. Appeasement is a poor defence against the inroads of Communism. It will always be victorious where it is not vigorously opposed.



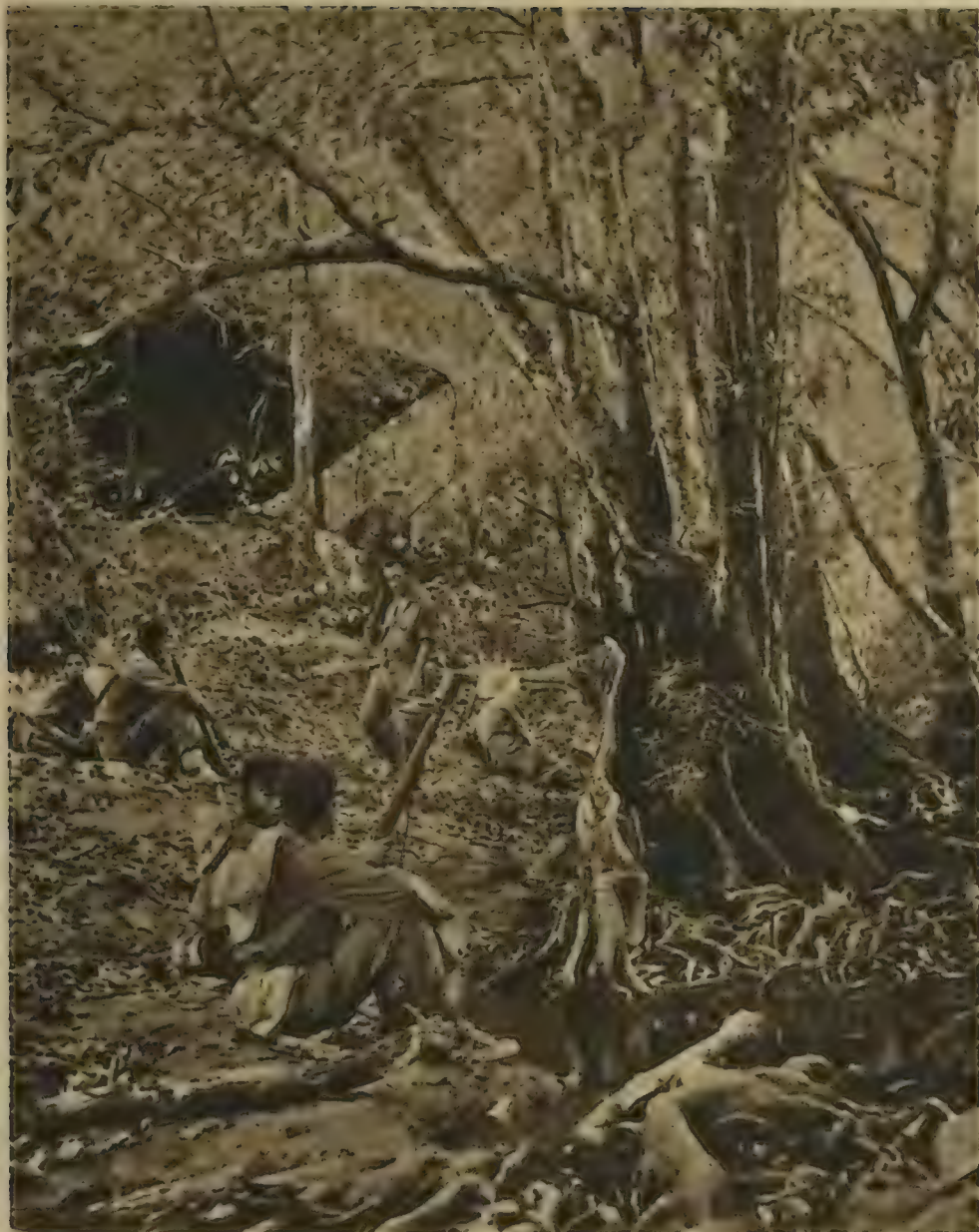
THE BUILDING-UP OF FRENCH STRENGTH IN INDO-CHINA: AN AIRFIELD AT KIENAN, IN THE HAIPHONG AREA, NEARING COMPLETION.



PREPARING A NEW BASE FOR FRENCH AIRCRAFT CO-OPERATING WITH GROUND FORCES IN INDO-CHINA: A LEVELLING MACHINE BEING DRIVEN OVER THE AIRFIELD NOW UNDER CONSTRUCTION IN THE HAIPHONG AREA.

had little knowledge of the details, but I thought I had information enough to make it clear that some old and sound general principles were being neglected. It seemed to me that there were not enough troops in the field, or prepared to take it at shortest notice, and too large a proportion locked up in towns and forts. A great French soldier, Marshal Bugeaud, was one of the creators of the "flying column," to-day generally called the "mobile column." Both forms have a technical as well as an obvious meaning. The column must not only be able to move fast; it must also be self-sufficing, that is to say, it must carry its necessities for a period of perhaps a fortnight, so that it becomes independent of lines of communication. It can thus range all over the country, going anywhere its wheels can accompany it; if wheels cannot accompany it, it uses pack animals; where, as in many parts of Indo-China, there are good waterways, it may use boats. To organise and effectively dispose such columns is a matter of strategy. For them to get to close quarters with a furtive enemy who strikes suddenly and then slips away is one of tactics and as difficult as any.

The Vietminh forces fight in considerable strength in Tongking, but they fight essentially as guerillas.



RESTING SO AS TO BE FRESH FOR THE ATTACK: A VIETNAM GUERRILLA PATROL "TAKING IT EASY" IN THE HEART OF THE JUNGLE DURING A LONG TREK.

THE FRENCH HOLD FAST IN INDO-CHINA: STAGES IN A GUERRILLA ATTACK ON A VIETMINH VILLAGE.



STEALTHILY APPROACHING THEIR OBJECTIVE: VIETNAM TROOPS KEEPING AS CLOSE AS POSSIBLE TO THE UNDERBRUSH, WHICH AFFORDS SOME COVER.



AT THE END OF THE LONG AND TIRING TREK: THE OBJECTIVE IS AT HAND AND THE GUERRILLA PATROL WAITS FOR THE SIGNAL TO ATTACK.



THE ATTACK ITSELF: THE VIETNAM PATROL HAS SET FIRE TO THE COMMUNIST VIETMINH HUTS, WHICH ARE MADE OF STRAW AND WOOD AND BURN RAPIDLY.

Since the French and Vietnam defenders of the Red River delta succeeded in repulsing the Communist Vietminh attack launched during the last days of March, guerilla warfare has been resumed. Owing to the woody and mountainous nature of the country, much of the fighting on the Vietnam side consists of "cleaning-up" operations; that is to say, the surprise attack and the demolition of Communist-occupied villages. On this page we show the various stages in an attack of this nature. General de Lattre de Tassigny has thoroughly revised the system of defence of the Red River delta. Previously an undue proportion

of the troops were tied to a chain of little forts. Now a great part of the French and Vietnam forces has been formed into mobile columns, ready to intervene quickly wherever they may be required. At the time of writing, the thrusts both in the east and west of the delta have been repulsed with loss to the Communists, and General de Lattre's confidence that the French and Vietnam troops would hold firm has been fully justified. When the May rains start they will stop serious fighting until October. An article on Indo-China and photographs of an airfield under construction in the Haiphong area appear on the facing page.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



A FISH USING RADIO-LOCATION?

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

THE shape of a fish's tail is so familiar and well-defined that few of us would have difficulty in drawing it from memory. To describe it in words is, naturally, more difficult. Nevertheless, the outline

screen. The next step was to immerse the two ends of a copper wire in the aquarium. The fish swam rapidly

away, showing apparently the usual escape reactions at the presence of an enemy. The same thing occurred when electrical impulses were transmitted to the water. But when its own impulses were fed back to the water,



A FISH THAT CAN SWIM FORWARDS OR BACKWARDS AND MAY AVOID OBSTACLES BEHIND IT BY USING A FORM OF RADIO-LOCATION: *GYMNARCHUS NILOTICUS*, A FRESHWATER FISH OF NORTHERN AFRICA, OF PECULIAR FORM AND WITH A RAT-LIKE TAIL THAT RECENT RESEARCH HAS SHOWN GENERATES ELECTRICAL IMPULSES.

conjured up in our minds is so clearly defined that we have used the word fishtail to describe a particular form, as in fishtail gas-burner, fishtail wind and fishtail palm. If, however, we walk round the Fish Gallery in the British Museum (Natural History) and take just a casual survey of the scores of different types of fishes exhibited there, we get a very different impression. Indeed, taking fishes as a whole, their tails are as varied—often as bizarre—as fishermen's tales.

Ingenious experimenters and those mathematically-minded have been able to demonstrate satisfactorily that there is a close relation between the shape of the tail and the speed and manner of movement in a given species. There the matter rested until a brief letter appeared in *Nature* recently, setting forth the results of some experiments on *Gymnarchus niloticus*. From these it is seen that a fish's tail can be put to other uses than pure locomotion. In a few words, this African freshwater fish uses its tail not so much for locomotion as the seat of a kind of R.D.F. station.

The fish itself belongs to the family Mormyridæ, comprising a number of species found in rivers and lakes in Africa north of the Equator. In all the Mormyridæ the outward form departs to a fair degree from what we would regard as the normal fish shape. This is more marked in *Gymnarchus* than in any other, however, and its shape is not capable of easy description. The laterally compressed body bears in front a small, pointed head, and just behind the head are the only fins, apart from the soft continuous fin running down the middle of the back and losing itself in a long, slender "rat's tail." The outline of the body might be called leaf-shaped, recalling the long narrow leaf of the willow, and it ends in a slender backward prolongation recalling to some extent a leaf-stalk. Such an unusual body shape must have constituted a poser to anyone seeking to explain the mechanics of locomotion.

It is well within the competence of even the most non-mathematically-minded of us to appreciate that the tail of the typical fish is the main organ of locomotion, the tail being the fleshy narrowing part of the body lying behind the stouter forward portion that houses the viscera. We can also appreciate that the tail-fin acts as a rudder, assists stability and plays its part in producing forward movement. If, however, a fish is to swim habitually backwards or forwards, with equal ease in either direction, we should expect some departure from the typical form, though it would not be easy to say what that should be. It would be even more difficult to understand how a fish, like *Gymnarchus*, able to move backwards or forwards with equal ease, could so skilfully avoid obstacles when in reverse.

In solving this problem an extraordinary story has been unfolded. Having received a living specimen of *Gymnarchus niloticus* from West Africa, Dr. H. W. Lissmann, of Cambridge, immersed in the water of its aquarium a pair of electrodes connected to an oscillograph, whereupon a series of regular electrical impulses were registered on the



POSSESSING ELECTRIC ORGANS CAPABLE OF ADMINISTERING A STRONG SHOCK WHEN TOUCHED: THE ELECTRIC RAY, SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE MODIFIED MUSCLE FIBRES, CONSISTING OF HEXAGONAL CELLS FILLED WITH A GELATINOUS SLIME (INDICATED BY ARROW).

The electric organs are situated one on either side of the body. In our photograph the skin has been removed on the left and folded back to expose the electric organ on that side.

the fish appeared to show the normal reactions to a member of its own species.

The experiments were cut short by the death of the fish and the difficulty of obtaining another for purposes of test. Added to this, we have only the brief preliminary announcement of the findings. Even so, it seems to be established by direct test that *Gymnarchus* is using a form of radio. If there is electrical transmission for purposes of locating solid objects, there must be equally some means of reception. What this may be we are at present in ignorance. One thing can be said, however: that there has been growing in the minds of some biologists the conviction that electrical impulses, received or transmitted, play a larger part in the behaviour of certain animals than would have seemed credible prior to recent human advances in this field. Nevertheless, it was not unforeseen in so far as fishes are concerned. To begin with, in addition to the normal senses of sight, smell, hearing, taste and touch, there is a sixth highly-developed set of sensory receptors, known as the lateral line.

It is now some twenty years since Dr. W. M. Thornton, arguing largely hypothetically, suggested that deep-sea fishes, with their skin so rich in mucus canals, must be able to receive and respond to electrical impulses. He did not, however, suggest that they were capable of electrical transmissions. Rather, that the movement of another fish or other marine animal through the water would automatically set up minute electrical currents. These would vary in strength and quality according to the animal responsible, and by implication it may be assumed that the differential would enable the fish to recognise friend from foe, prey from predator. Other experiments on fishes had shown that movement in the water of an aquarium affected the lateral line, but the assumption was that this sense-organ was tactile in function.

The association of fishes with electricity in some way or another has, of course, long been known. There is the electric eel (*Electrophorus electricus*), with a pair of electric organs on either side of the tail, capable of giving a violent shock to large animals. Interestingly enough, the form of the electric eel is strikingly like that of *Gymnarchus*, except that the long, continuous fin runs along the underside of the body and the long, slender tail-piece is lacking. In the electric catfish (*Malopterurus*) the electric organs are distributed over the whole surface of the body, and in the electric ray (*Torpedo*) they are concentrated in two large organs,

one on each side of the forward part of the body. In neither case is the structure of these organs the same, though in all a gelatinous mucus is present, usually as a conspicuous feature of the modified muscle fibres forming the electric cells.

The subject is stimulating, and the little evidence at our disposal is highly suggestive. The importance of Lissmann's discovery lies in its promise of knowledge to come rather than in the knowledge revealed to date. In this connection it is of interest to note that rat-tailed fishes with highly-developed lateral-line organs and mucus canals are particularly common among those living in the deep seas.

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THE "AFFRAY" DISASTER: SHIPS AND METHODS USED IN THE 69-HOUR RESCUE ATTEMPT.



THE UNDERWATER SEARCH FOR THE MISSING SUBMARINE H.M.S. *AFFRAY*: AN AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH OF ONE OF THE SUBMARINES EMPLOYED, SURFACING AFTER A DIVE.



HOW A SUBMARINE'S ESCAPE HATCH IS USED: THE RATING IS WEARING THE NAVY'S NEW IMMERSION SUIT AND THE DAVIS ESCAPE APPARATUS.

On Monday, April 16, the "A"-class submarine H.M.S. *Affray*, while on passage from Portsmouth to Falmouth and during the course of a practice war patrol, submerged in the evening about 30 miles south of the Isle of Wight. Submarines of "A" class are the Navy's largest submarines, and *Affray* was carrying the captain (Lieutenant J. Blackburn, R.N.) and four ship's officers, twenty officers of the Officers' Submarine Training Course, forty-six naval



STANDING BY IN READINESS TO RESCUE ANY SURVIVOR: THE WHALER OF H.M.S. *STARLING*, WITH A NAVAL CHAPLAIN (THIRD FROM BOW) AND CREW READY FOR IMMEDIATE ACTION



ONE OF THE ROYAL NAVY'S SALVAGE SHIPS, THE HEAVY-LIFTING VESSEL H.M.S. *KINBRACE*, PROCEEDING TO THE AREA OF THE SEARCH FOR H.M.S. *AFFRAY*.

ratings and four Royal Marine other ranks (of a Marine Training Course). *Affray* should have surfaced between 0800 and 0900 hours on April 17 about 20 miles south-east of Start Point and reported herself. She failed to do so and the code-word "Subsmash" was sent out for the second time since the end of the war—the other occasion being the *Truculent* disaster of January, 1950, one of the survivors of which, Sub-Lieut. A. A. Frew, being among the officers

(Continued overleaf.)



LOST IN A TRAGIC DISASTER, WITHOUT A SINGLE SURVIVOR OF ALL HER COMPLEMENT OF 75. H.M. SUBMARINE AFFRAY, FOR WHICH 5000 MEN OF FOUR NATIONS SEARCHED WITHOUT AVAIL.

(Continued)
in *Affray*. This signal sets in operation the whole routine of submarine rescue, and is sent to all commanders, ships, shore establishments, coastguards and salvage vessels in the area. As a result, ships of four nations joined immediately in the search, to the number of twenty-six. (This number eventually increased to over forty.) Among the original rescue fleet were: of the Royal Navy, a flotilla

leader, four frigates, three minesweepers, the salvage vessel *Reclaim*, a radar training-ship, two destroyers and seven submarines, including two sister-ships of *Affray*; of the U.S. Navy, two destroyers; three French vessels; and a Belgian frigate. Aircraft, including helicopters, were also used. At 1.45 a.m. on April 18, Admiral Sir A. Power, C-in-C. Portsmouth, reported: "Communication has been

established by signal with the *Affray*. The submarine is apparently stuck on the bottom in 33 fathoms of water. Searching vessels are concentrating on the position of the sunken submarine." This position was later stated to be 35 miles south-west of St. Catherine's Point. At daybreak the searchers were watching for the appearance of a marker buoy or the arrival of survivors at the surface.

At 5.45 a.m. explosive signals were made over the place, telling the submarine's crew that rescue vessels were at hand. There was no reply. At 9 a.m. the C-in-C. Portsmouth stated that the precise position had not been fixed; and at 2.20 p.m. the Admiralty said there was no positive evidence of the submarine's position. It was understood that asdic pictures of the bottom were

(Continued overleaf)

THE "AFFRAY" DISASTER: SHIPS WHICH SERVED IN THE VAIN RESCUE ATTEMPT.



THE NAVY'S DEEP-DIVING AND SUBMARINE RESCUE VESSEL, H.M.S. RECLAIM: A DIAGRAMMATIC DRAWING SHOWING HER LAYOUT, WITH (INSET) THE COX BOLT-DRIVING GUN USED IN FIXING SUPPLY AND COMMUNICATION LINES TO A SUNKEN SUBMARINE. (Reproduced from our issue of September 18, 1948.)



IN A CLOSE SEARCH FOR SURVIVORS OF THE LOST SUBMARINE, H.M.S. AFFRAY: NAVAL VESSELS STANDING BY IN THE AREA OF SEARCH IN THE CHANNEL.



USED IN MARKING THE AREAS COVERED BY MINESWEEPERS IN THE LATER STAGES: MARKER BUOYS, CARRIED IN H.M.S. STARLING, WHICH SERVED AS A DEPOT-SHIP.



SHIPS OF FOUR NATIONS—BRITISH, U.S., FRENCH AND BELGIAN—WERE ENGAGED IN THE SEARCH FOR AFFRAY, AMONG THEM THIS FRENCH SURVEY VESSEL, AMIRAL MOUCHEZ.


Continued.] being taken, but there are many wrecks in this area, and one theory was that the submarine was lying in the "shadow" of such a wreck, and so might be, indistinguishable to asdic sounding. The theory of internal explosion was discounted, as despite a close search no wreckage or Diesel oil had been discovered on the surface. *Affray* carried asdic fore and aft and a large stock of "oxygen candles" and had four escape hatches. At 9 p.m. on April 18 the Admiralty announced that no survivors had been found, despite continuous search, and that though the search was being continued through the night, the chances of any success were small. During April 19 the search



FITTED WITH THE MOST MODERN SUBMARINE RESCUE APPARATUS: THE DEEP-DIVING VESSEL H.M.S. RECLAIM, WHICH WENT AT ONCE TO THE AREA OF THE SEARCH.

continued, over 5000 men of four nations being engaged upon it, and five minesweepers swept the area from which the original signals were believed to have originated. But all was to no purpose, and at 6.30 on April 19—69 hours after *Affray* submerged—this statement was published: "The Board of Admiralty announce with the deepest regret that there is now no reasonable hope of the rescue of any survivors from H.M. submarine *Affray*. The search to determine her exact position will be continued and no effort will be spared to establish the cause of the disaster." The King sent a message expressing his and the Queen's sympathy.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



WHAT exactly do we gardeners mean by "hardy" where plants are concerned? The term is a highly elastic one, varying widely according to district,

and to the individual gardener's own personal standard of what constitutes hardiness. On the West Coast of Scotland and in Cornwall, for instance, many plants

HARDY FUCHSIAS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

flowers, are capable of growing into tall permanent bushes. I have never seen any of them doing so during visits to the West Coast of Scotland. But the so-called white form of *Fuchsia magellanica*, *F. magellanica alba*, retains its bushiness around here, and even more so in Scotland. I was responsible for the introduction of *F. magellanica alba*, but not, I hasten to add, for the *alba* part of its name. I saw it first on a large nursery in Chile, and there it was labelled *F. m. alba*. The proprietor of this nursery entertained me with almost royal hospitality to a terrific Chilean "breakfast."

In England it would have been called luncheon—and a banquet at that. We finished up with dishes of cherries of half-a-dozen varieties and a size and lushness such as I had never seen or imagined. And we toured the great estate which was part nursery and part fruit-farm and market garden, complete with canning factory. The one plant in the nursery which I really desired was the fuchsia. There were rows and rows of nice pot specimens of it, but for some reason, my host, with infinite

I confess that in the interests of British horticulture I took cuttings of *Fuchsia magellanica alba*, and sent them north to a nursery in Valparaiso to be struck. Weeks later I picked them up just before sailing for England, a potful of small, frail, barely-rooted babes which I just managed to get home alive. It is now well established in British gardens, and has received the Award of Merit, R.H.S. *Fuchsia magellanica alba* is *magellanica* or *riccartonii* over again, with flowers which should be white, but are tinged with a wash of palest mauve. The wounds which this shameful episode left upon my conscience have long since healed—without a scar—and the plant has produced one good seedling, "Mrs. W. P. Wood," with flowers of the same delicate colour, but several sizes larger.

Fuchsia "Mrs. Popple," named after the Stevenage neighbour who gave it to me, is another Award of Merit variety which I had the honour of, so to speak, discovering and launching. I had known this variety for many years, growing in my neighbour's garden, but it was long before I woke up to the fact that it was not only hardy, but a really fine thing. The flowers are typical *F. riccartonii* in form and colour, rich red and purple, but they are very much larger and here, at any rate, it does not share *riccartonii*'s trick of making a tall, permanent bush. It dies to the ground each winter, and grows to a height of a couple of feet or so during the summer.

Several nurserymen, particularly those who specialise in choice shrubs, offer a selection of hardy fuchsias. Some have as many as a dozen or eighteen distinct varieties, and it is surprising that one does not see them more often in gardens, for they are enchanting things, and easy to grow and easy to propagate. One of the few that one does see fairly often, but not nearly often enough, is "Madame Cornillon," which has large flowers with red sepals and white petals. A good plan is to make your choice from a catalogue, and plant in late spring or early summer, so that they may become well established before winter, or better still, to choose your varieties from flowering plants in a nursery or at a late summer show, and place an order for spring delivery.



A VARIETY OF HARDY FUCHSIA WHICH HAS WON THE R.H.S.'S AWARD OF MERIT: *FUCHSIA MAGELLANICA ALBA*. "THE WOUNDS WHICH THIS SHAMEFUL EPISODE [OF ITS INTRODUCTION] LEFT UPON MY CONSCIENCE," WRITES MR. ELLIOTT, "HAVE LONG SINCE HEALED—WITHOUT A SCAR." (Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.)

flourish superbly—plants which would never hesitate to perish in the mildest Midland winter. And then there are gardeners who delight in proving—to themselves—that certain tender plants are perfectly hardy, by planting them at the foot of the south wall of a greenhouse through which a little warmth penetrates from the pipes within. They swaddle them in straw and matting, and heap a mulch of ashes around the roots. I would not put the use of hot-water bottles past these enthusiasts. In spring, when all is removed, the plant miraculously pushes into life and growth, and is proclaimed perfectly hardy. As far as I am concerned, a hardy plant is one which, without special protection or fussments, will survive, in the open air, any winter that is likely to happen in the neighbourhood in which I garden.

The hardiest and most popular and widely grown of all Fuchsias is *F. magellanica* (*macrostemma*) *riccartonii*, commonly known as just plain *riccartonii*. It is the old favourite cottage-garden fuchsia, with gay little red and purple flowers. But even *riccartonii* varies in its degree of hardiness. In really warm districts it is sometimes used as a hedge, and will grow into a large bush or a small tree ten or more feet in height. In my garden in Hertfordshire, on the other hand, it behaved as a herbaceous plant. Each spring it would send up a forest of stems which would reach a height of 3 or 4 ft., and become quite woody. They flowered profusely all through mid and late summer and autumn, until cut short by frost. But the woody stems were always killed to the ground, and had to be cut away in spring to make way for a repeat performance by the fresh shoots that invariably sprang from the root stock. Here in the Cotswolds *F. riccartonii* remains a bush, though never such a lofty bush as one sees on the West Coast of Scotland. A clump of youngsters planted three years ago as rooted cuttings in my present Cotswold garden have reached a height of 5 ft., and despite a truly poisonous winter, with several really severe spells of frost, they are now, in mid April, sprouting with fresh young shoots to their topmost twigs.

In the garden at Hidcote, a few miles away, and at a greater altitude than here, there are ancient bushes of *riccartonii* which must be 7 ft. or more high, and I hope and expect my own bushes to do the same during the next few years. I do not know whether any of the other hardy fuchsias, with larger, showier

politeness and firmness, refused to sell—or even give—so much as a cutting. I came away replete, almost to discomfort, and sorrowful. Later on that expedition, however, far south at Coronal, I met this same fuchsia again. In the public garden grew enormous bushes of it, 10 ft. tall, and 20 ft. through. By rights I ought to have sought out the head gardener or superintendent, and asked for the cuttings that I feel sure he would have given me. But my Spanish was weak, and the spirit too was weak. Much as I dislike and even despise the "lifting" of seeds and cuttings,



A CLOSE-UP OF THE FINE, RICH RED AND PURPLE BLOOMS OF FUCHSIA "MRS. POPPLE." IN THE COTSWOLDS IT DIES BACK TO THE GROUND EACH WINTER, BUT IS PERFECTLY HARDY. (Photograph by J. R. Jameson.)



"NAMED AFTER THE STEVENAGE NEIGHBOUR WHO GAVE IT TO ME": FUCHSIA "MRS. POPPLE," A LARGER-FLOWERED FORM OF *F. MAGELLANICA RICCARTONII* GROWING IN MR. ELLIOTT'S COTSWOLD GARDEN. (Photograph by J. R. Jameson.)

There has been a great revival of interest in fuchsias in recent years, a Fuchsia Society has been formed, and at the R.H.S. there have been some magnificent exhibits of pot-grown specimens, both hardy and tender varieties. The tender varieties are much more numerous than the hardy ones, and there is among them a far wider range of colours and forms. Let us hope, however, that under the auspices and encouragement of the Fuchsia Society more attention will in future be given to the raising and improvement of more and better hardy varieties. In this connection I cannot help wondering whether all the varieties which are normally grown as tender or half-hardy, have been tested in open ground conditions for unsuspected hardiness. It would be an experiment well worth trying. Not with one's only specimens, but with youngsters propagated for that purpose and planted out in spring to take their chance. It would, I think, give at least a few pleasant surprises.

IN THE FINEST NETHERLANDS MANNER: LANDSCAPES WITH FIGURES.



"THE HUNTING PARTY"; BY JAN BRUEGHEL DE VELOURS (1568-1625): A FINE EXAMPLE OF THE WORK OF A PAINTER WHOSE LANDSCAPES WERE ADMIRIED BY RUBENS. SIGNED IN FULL. (Copper, 10½ by 15½ ins.)



"THE WEDDING"; BY LUCAS VAN VALCKENBORCH (c. 1540-1623), WHO IS BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN A PUPIL OF PIETER BRUEGHEL. SIGNED WITH INITIALS AND DATED 1574. (Panel, 24 by 31 ins.)



"THE PASTURE"; BY ADRIAEN VAN DE VELDE (1636-1672), SON OF WILLEM VAN DE VELDE, THE ELDER, THE GREAT MARINE PAINTER. SIGNED IN FULL. (Canvas, 10½ by 14½ ins.)



"HORSEMAN WITH CATTLE AT A STREAM"; BY KAREL DUJARDIN (1622-1678), WHO WAS UNQUESTIONABLY THE ABLEST PUPIL OF NICOLAAS BERCHEM. SIGNED IN FULL AND DATED 1664. (Canvas, 19 by 24½ ins.)



"THE ROAD"; BY ADRIAEN VAN STALBENT (1580-1662), A PAINTER WHO VISITED ENGLAND DURING THE REIGN OF CHARLES I., AND SAT FOR HIS PORTRAIT TO VANDYCK. (Copper, 9½ by 13 ins.)



"THE MAYPOLE"; BY MATHYS SCHOEVAERDS (1665-STILL WORKING IN 1720), WHO SPECIALISED IN VILLAGE FESTIVALS AND MERRYMAKINGS, IN WHICH THE MANY FIGURES ARE ADMIRABLY MANAGED. (Copper, 11½ by 14½ ins.)

Lovers of the Netherlands School of painting look forward impatiently to the annual exhibitions of Dutch and Flemish pictures organised by Eugene Slatter at his Old Bond Street Galleries. This year he has again assembled an admirable collection of works, a selection of which we illustrate on this and the facing page. The catalogues of the Exhibition, which opens on April 30 and will continue till July 7, contain a number of illustrations in colour and in monochrome. They are being sold in aid of the Musicians' Benevolent Fund for the assistance of musicians of acknowledged professional standing, their near relatives or dependants. The works on view include the beautiful landscapes with figures reproduced

on this page. These are all essentially characteristic of the genius of the Low Countries, with, perhaps, the exception of the "Horseman With Cattle at a Stream," by Karel Dujardin, for this painter's long residence in Italy, his love for that country and the success he enjoyed there combined to give his art a definitely Italianate flavour. Adriaen van Stalbent visited England during the reign of Charles I. He painted a "View of Greenwich" and is believed to have been highly successful in this country and to have returned a rich man to his native Antwerp. Vandyck's portrait of him was engraved by Pontius. Two of Mathys Schoevaerds' village scenes are in the Louvre.

A FESTIVAL YEAR EXHIBITION OF DUTCH AND FLEMISH ART.



"FLOWER PIECE"; BY JAN BRUEGHEL DE VELOURS (1568-1625): A NASTURTIIUM, RARELY SEEN IN PAINTINGS OF THE PERIOD, LIES AT THE FOOT OF THE VASE. (Panel, 18 by 12½ ins.)



"NUTS, WINE AND AN ORANGE"; BY HUBERTUS VAN RAVESTEYN (1638-? 1690): A TYPE OF STILL-LIFE MUCH FAVOURED BY THE DUTCH. SIGNED WITH INITIALS. (Canvas, 22 by 18 ins.)



"FLOWERS AND INSECTS"; BY AMBROSE BOSSCHAERT (1570-1645): PAINTED WITH CHARACTERISTIC DRILLIANCE AND VERISIMILITUDE. SIGNED WITH INITIALS AND DATED 1610. (Copper, 10½ by 7 ins.)



"AN INTERIOR"; BY QUIERINGH BREKELENKAM (1620-1668): DEPICTING DUTCH PEASANT LIFE OF THE PERIOD. (SIGNED IN FULL AND DATED 1657. Panel, 18 by 24 ins.)



"MAIDSERVANT BACK FROM MARKET"; BY NICOLAES MAES (1632-1693): A PAINTING REPRESENTING A SCENE OF RICH BURGHER LIFE. FORMERLY IN THE COLLECTION OF THE DUC D'ARENBERG, BRUSSELS. (Canvas, 26 by 34½ ins.)



"THE MILL"; BY KLAES MOLENAER (1630-1676), WHOSE LANDSCAPES ARE SOMEWHAT IN THE MANNER OF ISAAC VAN OSTADE AND DEKKER. (Panel, 12½ by 10½ ins.)

THE many facets of Dutch and Flemish life which were mirrored in their art may be studied at the 1951 Exhibition of Dutch and Flemish Masters arranged by Eugene Slatter at his Old Bond Street Galleries. This is due to open on April 30, and will continue until July 7, the catalogues being sold for the benefit of the Musicians' Benevolent Fund. On this page we reproduce two of those flower pieces for which the Netherlands School is famous, painted with brilliance and a verisimilitude which expresses the passion for horticulture which is a characteristic of the people of the Low Countries, and also a still-life in which good things of the table are represented with appreciative exactitude.

Rich burgher life and scenes of thrifty peasant homes as well as bucolic junketings also provided subjects for Dutch and Flemish painters; and the sensuous love of earthly beauty is one of the chief attributes of that prince of Flemish artists, Sir Peter Paul Rubens, who was equally at home in the studios of painters and in the courts of kings.



"ANGELICA AND THE HERMIT"; BY SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS (1577-1640): ANOTHER PAINTING BY RUBENS OF THE SAME SUBJECT, BUT DIFFERENT IN COMPOSITION, IS IN THE KUNSTHISTORISCHES MUSEUM, VIENNA. (Panel, 27½ by 36½ ins.)



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. UP IN THE CLOUDS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

will find ample opportunities for indulging their sense of the romantic—the merest smattering of the early history of ballooning will be sufficient for them.

Apart from earlier theorisings, the first practical and public ascent was made in the year 1783, when

LOOKING about, as most of us do whenever we have the opportunity, among the nicest possible things we can find—in this case, silver and jewels and various delicious kickshaws—I came upon the crystal, gold-mounted box with the miniature of the balloon ascent painted on the lid which is illustrated in Fig. 1. The date is 1789, the place of manufacture Paris. The purely æsthetic virtues of such a thing need no comment; the miniature set my mind wandering off down a by-road—or should I say up in the clouds?

I believe I am right in saying that one of the methods used by ingenious persons anxious to pinpoint the speed of the mental reactions of lesser mortals, and thereby assess our intelligence, is to fire a word at us and ask us to say what comes into our heads. If anyone says "aeronaut" to me, I immediately reply "intrepid," though I doubt whether that places me high up in the intelligence tripos. What it does quite definitely is to date me, for in my salad days that was the standard adjective—and, indeed, it never occurred to me that it was possible to venture high into the upper air in a balloon without being intrepid. The word is oddly out of fashion and is never, as far as I know, applied to our sons who go hurtling about the sky and perform extraordinary feats of skill and endurance with apparent nonchalance—not even to test pilots. Now I come to think of it, this is as it should be: let pioneers in new adventures be remembered by specially mannered phrases, and "intrepid aeronaut" is particularly apt as applied to those courageous men who first drifted about at the mercy of the winds above the surface of the earth. Today we take marvels for granted—our ancestors looked at the world with the eyes of children. Read this, which is the inscription engraved on the Lunardi monument in Hertfordshire:

"Let Posterity know, and knowing be astonished, that on the 15th day of September 1784 Vincent Lunardi of Lucca in Tuscany, the First Aerial Traveller in Britain, mounting from the Artillery Ground in London and traversing the Regions of the Air for two Hours and fifteen Minutes, in this Spot revisited the Earth. On this rude monument for ages be recorded that Wondrous Enterprise successfully achieved by the Powers of Chemistry and the Fortitude of Man, that Improvement in Science which the Great Author of all Knowledge, patronizing by His Providence the Invention of Mankind hath graciously permitted to their benefit and His own Eternal Glory."

We may smile at these rotund Ciceronian phrases, perhaps because we have outgrown the convention they express—but we smile a little wryly, for we have long since lost the faith that could see peace and prosperity as the inevitable destiny of the human race. But this is by the way. What I really want to do is to give some indication of the variety and interest of the prints and other objects which illustrate these pioneer achievements against the background of the enthusiasm they provoked. The pursuit of such things can, of course, be strictly on technical or scientific lines, but those whose minds do not run to such high matters,

on June 5 the brothers Montgolfier sent up a hot-air balloon from the market-place at Annonay, near Lyons. Soon afterwards a small hydrogen balloon rose in the air from the Champ de Mars. It descended near the village of Gonesse, to the consternation of the inhabitants. Someone gave it a poke with a pitchfork, a nasty smell came forth, and the balloon was thereupon beaten and what was left of it tied to a horse's tail. The age of air travel had begun. The same year the Montgolfier brothers sent up a hot-air balloon carrying a sheep, a cock and a duck, and on November 21 Pilâtre de Rozier, with the Marquis d'Arlandes, made the first aerial voyage in history—5½ miles in twenty-five minutes. Other flights followed—too numerous to itemise here—and most of them were recorded pictorially in some form or another, first, of course, in prints, and then without delay the story was transferred to all sorts of things from garters to snuff-boxes.

There was a vogue in England, for example, for Lunardi bonnets and garters; as he passed over, did not the crowd exhibit "the most extravagant expressions of approbation and joy"? There was a similar fashion in France, and Fig. 1 here is a beautiful example. The curious will find many most interesting items in the Winifred Penn-Gaskell collection in the aeronautical section of the Science Museum at South Kensington, among them such agreeable pieces of nonsense as the painted fan of 1784 (Fig. 2) and the painted buttons (Fig. 3).

Parachutists—to-day numbered in thousands—will presumably be happy if they come across a copy of a popular print celebrating the first parachute descent in England (1802), when André Garnerin, who had already made a successful drop in Paris in 1797, came down safely over North Audley Street. The oscillation of the parachute as it floated down

(for there was no vent at the top) was so violent that the poor fellow was sick just as the crowd was about to cheer him. The modern pilot, I am informed, takes little interest in these early experiments with balloons—presumably he has a different feeling for parachutes. None the less, these historical beginnings are not unimportant, if only because they established a tradition of air-mindedness in readiness for the heavier-than-air machine.

Another by-road to interest the curious could well be the use of balloons for military purposes, and the foundation of a modest collection would then have to be a print of the French

balloon *Entreprenant*, from which reconnaissance was first carried out from the air in 1794. Here is an odd circumstance. We all know how the Japanese released several thousand small hydrogen balloons loaded with bombs and incendiaries to drift over to the U.S.A. The Austrians thought of that in 1849, when they sent over some hot-air balloons timed to come down on Venice. In each case the result was nil. There is one great collection of books and prints on this fascinating subject, that begun by John Cuthbert in 1820, extended by Mr. J. E. Hodgson after he bought the collection in 1917, and presented to the Royal Aeronautical Society through the generosity of Sir Frederick Handley Page in 1948. Finally, I would like to recommend a delicious little King Penguin book on this out-of-the-way subject—"Ballooning," by C. H. Gibbs-Smith—very simple, well-illustrated, sensible and agreeably hilarious.



FIG. 1. BEARING A MINIATURE OF A BALLOON ASCENT ON THE LID: A CRYSTAL BOX, MOUNTED IN GOLD, PARIS, 1789.

This crystal box, by Joseph Etienne Blerzy, mounted in gold, with a miniature of a balloon ascent on the lid, illustrates the wonder and amazement roused by the first balloon ascents and the excitement they caused. (Facsimile size.) Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. S. and J. Phillips.



FIG. 2. DECORATED WITH MINIATURES BASED ON BALLOON ASCENTS MADE (L. TO R.) IN PARIS ON 2 MARCH, 1784, BY BLANCHARD; IN PARIS ON 1 DECEMBER, 1783, BY MM. CHARLES AND ROBERT, AND ON 27 AUGUST, 1783, BY THE BROTHERS ROBERT: A FAN, c. 1784.

This fan is one of the many interesting items in the Winifred Penn-Gaskell collection, aeronautical section of the Science Museum, South Kensington. (Width 11 ins.) Reproduced by Courtesy of the Science Museum.



FIG. 3. "PIECES OF AGREEABLE NONSENSE": TWO OF A SET OF PAINTED BUTTONS DECORATED WITH BALLOONING SUBJECTS.

The buttons illustrated are two from a set of six, each decorated with a different design of a ballooning subject, included in the Winifred Penn-Gaskell Collection, aeronautical section of the Science Museum, South Kensington. (Diameter, 2½ ins.) Reproduced by Courtesy of the Science Museum.



NOT TO OPEN UNTIL AFTER WHITSUNTIDE : THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN PLEASURE GARDENS IN BATTERSEA PARK AS THEY APPEARED FROM THE AIR ON APRIL 18, A FORTNIGHT BEFORE THE ORIGINAL OPENING DATE.

Following a statement in the House of Commons on April 19 by Mr. Stokes, Minister of Works, that there might be a delay in opening the pleasure gardens in Battersea Park, the gardens company, Festival Gardens, Ltd., announced that it would not be possible to open them on May 3 as had been arranged. Princess Margaret was to have performed the opening ceremony on that date. At the time of writing the precise date of the opening had not been announced. In his statement in the House, Mr. Stokes said that "it was much more desirable to have a spick-and-span opening, perhaps subject to a bit of delay, rather than

that the thing should go off at half-cock." Our aerial photograph of the Festival Gardens at Battersea was taken on April 18, when all the major constructional work had been completed, but there was still a great deal of cleaning up to be done. In the foreground stretches the great metal network of the "Rollercoaster," a giant scenic railway; beyond it, on the left, is the still-uncompleted Dragon Ride. The boating pool can be seen in the centre; at the far end of the Gardens is the large, crescent-shaped main restaurant. The delay in opening may cause a loss of about £150,000 in takings.

The World of the Theatre.

SINGLE SET.

By J. C. TREWIN.

ALL except one of the plays I have seen during the last fortnight have been staged in a single set, or at least a single framework. The exception, curiously, was Bernard Shaw's man-and-superman brevity, "Village Wooing"—part of a triple bill at the St. Martin's—which needed two sets, afloat and ashore. Such economy as this would not have pleased me during my first years as a playgoer, when rigid insistence on the Unity of Place was (I felt) merely a sign that the author was stingy or unimaginative. I would look with hope at the Synopsis of Scenery, and I have never forgotten my annoyance when a touring Shakespeare cast did "Macbeth" in a variety of faded curtains but printed elaborate and deceptive programme notes. As for "Another Part of the Forest," that amiably vague label in any "As You Like It," it was turned into floppy, cut-out, gauze-netted pasteboard. Even this was less distracting than a film Arden, years later, when scenery and sheep got hopelessly in the way of the performances.

Amateur companies, which naturally like a single set, may cheer John Dighton's comedy, "Who Goes There!" and Joan Morgan's "The Martins' Nest," each new to Central London. The first passes in a "Grace and Favour" house at St. James's Palace, with the Tudor bricks glowing warmly through the window. The second is in a semi-basement in East Putney. Neither piece, I feel, comes off wholly, though John Dighton's (at the Vaudeville) is the better. Here, in spite of some chuckling theatrical lines and the feeling that a dramatist is at work, we do notice a lack of "body." We realise that this is all very fine-spun; and that though Irish eyes are smiling, and the Brigade of Guards is gallant, one or two more ideas, one or two more people, possibly even a second set, might have helped out the evening. I may be ungrateful, because the piece has a coaxing goodwill. However you may have armoured yourself against that once-familiar visitor, the broth-of-a-girl, the Fire belle, Geraldine McEwan's Christina is almost

might be better, it might have been very much worse, and the single set is uncommonly pleasant.

If too little happens at the Vaudeville, there is too much at the Westminster. In "The Martins' Nest," Joan Morgan has written the story of an aspiring little snob of a mother who drives her children to breaking-point. It is, in essence, a tragic tale, with a happy ending glued on as untidy epilogue. But Miss Morgan has a quick, if not always very judicious, sense of humour. With Hermione Baddeley



"A PERPLEXING MEDLEY": "THE MARTINS' NEST," AT THE WESTMINSTER THEATRE, WHICH TELLS THE STORY OF AN ASPIRING MOTHER WHO DRIVES HER CHILDREN TO BREAKING-POINT. A SCENE FROM THE PLAY, SHOWING (L. TO R.) JEREMY (JOHN CHARLESWORTH); HAROLD MARTIN (MERVYN JOHNS); VALERIE (YVONNE MITCHELL); TREVOR BULSTRODE (LLOYD LAMBLE); AND ADA MARTIN (HERMIONE BADDELEY).

as the East Putney mother, a first-night audience, revue-trained, was uncertain whether to laugh or to cry. Although Miss Baddeley's acting was justly-expressed and sometimes poignant, the dramatist had weighted the humorous lines unwisely: this was awkward when she had in the lead an actress who has only to say "Pass-the-mustard" to set the table in a roar. In retrospect Miss Baddeley appears to me to have judged the part well and loyally; she cannot help it if the audience gives a performance that is uncertain and badly-timed. Joan Morgan has been so anxious to keep her plot spinning that she has put into it everything imaginable—even the kitchen-sink is on view—and we just do not believe it when, in the course of the piece, the amiable husband (a temporary Civil Servant) loses his post in a Department of Minor Purchases, the daughter is deceived by a peculiarly unpleasant cad of a barrister—a libel on the profession—the elder son involves himself with a pair of desperate criminals, and overwork drives the younger to the edge of a nervous breakdown. Miss Morgan does Pile It On: we feel that the cramped semi-basement cannot hold it all. Maybe another set . . . ?

Looking back, I remember first—with Miss Baddeley—the deliberately restrained "little man" husband of Mervyn Johns, and the daughter (Yvonne Mitchell), who has just the note of self-conscious devil-may-care that would fit a young woman in the toils of a serpent of Pump Court. I cannot accept for a moment the slimily supercilious cad and his behaviour at the East Putney luncheon; but that is the fault of dramatist as much as actor. Here the play wobbles disastrously; it is a strange example of a scene that is, in its way, effective, but effective in

the wrong manner. The people broaden to the figures of a revue sketch: they are not the Martins we know. The entire evening, in the single set, is a perplexing medley.

The last three words can serve also for the badly-titled "Shavings," at the St. Martin's Theatre. After the "Fol-de-Rols," one might have been pardoned for supposing that this was another concert-party in West Street. It is, actually, a triple bill of Shaw one-acters that begins with "The Man of Destiny," a verbose Napoleonic joke. In revival it seems to be clumsy: a singularly stiff performance does not help it. Shakespeare and Queen Elizabeth, in "The

Dark Lady of the Sonnets," come off much better than Napoleon. Griffith Jones and Ellen Pollock clearly enjoy these goings-on in Whitehall (with the incidental plea for a National Theatre) on the night that, so Shaw would have us believe, bred the lines "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" and "You cannot feed capons so," not to mention a few others. After this we are in a happier mood to take the duologue, the so-called "comediottina," of "Village Wooing," with its two sets of ship and shop (Shaw wrote it during a voyage: hence the first scene) and the slish-and-slash of its amusing dialogue. Rosamund John and Griffith Jones are delighted combatants.

Outside London, the single sets have been frameworks for the surge-and-roar of Shakespearean chronicle, the scenes in court and tavern and those clanging battle-pieces, "the currents of a heady fight." In my last article I spoke of the permanent framework at Stratford-upon-Avon; it is put to imaginative use in the first part of "Henry the Fourth," a production distinguished by its baronial alarms rather than by the Gadshill and Boar's Head scenes. Michael Redgrave's

Hotspur is endearingly the paladin of the North, with a boldly-sustained Northumbrian accent (a new version of "speaking thick"); and Harry Andrews, Richard Burton, Anthony Quayle, and the rest drive the great chronicle to the field of Shrewsbury. On, then, to the second half.

Not far away, at the Birmingham Repertory, some of us caught that rare bird, the second part of "Henry the Sixth." The play acts far better than I had



A PLAY WITH AN UNUSUAL SETTING IN A "GRACE AND FAVOUR HOUSE" AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE: "WHO GOES THERE!" A COMEDY BY JOHN DIGTON AT THE VAUDEVILLE. A SCENE FROM THE LAST ACT OF THE PLAY SHOWING (L. TO R.) CHRISTINA DEED (GERALDINE MCEWAN); MILES CORNWALL (NIGEL PATRICK); AND ALEX CORNWALL (FRANCES ROWE).

bound to pierce your guard. She was a chambermaid in Dublin. She will become a housemaid in St. James's. We are in the period between these posts: the comedy offers a kind of interim report. What it has to do with the Brigade of Guards you will discover at the Vaudeville, where there are such good players as Frances Rowe, Nigel Patrick, and Victor Adams to stand firmly by their author. The piece could be described in a famous Bateman caption: "The Guardsman who dropped it." Although it



"A PLAY THAT STILL WEARS WELL AFTER ELEVEN MONTHS": "HIS EXCELLENCY," AT THE PICCADILLY THEATRE, IN WHICH DONALD WOLFIT AND MICHAEL SHEPLEY HAVE SUCCEEDED TO THE LEADING PARTS. A SCENE FROM THE PLAY, SHOWING DONALD WOLFIT (LEFT) AS THE NEW GOVERNOR OF SALVA WITH THE G.O.C. TROOPS IN SALVA (ARNOLD BELL).

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"DANGER, MEN WORKING" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—A second, and less impressive, play by the North of Ireland Festival Company, but again with some vivid performances: Joseph Tomelty's, for example, as an old foreman-builder. (April 2.)
 "HENRY THE FOURTH, PART ONE" (Stratford-upon-Avon).—The historical tetralogy reaches the battle of Shrewsbury and Hotspur's death. Another Stratford achievement, better in the chronicle passages than the Falstaffian humours. (April 3.)
 "HENRY THE SIXTH, PART TWO" (Birmingham Repertory).—Sir Barry Jackson's company revels in a Shakespearean rarity. (April 3.)
 "SHAVINGS" (St. Martin's).—Three Shaw plays in an evening that redeems its bad start. (April 3.)
 "WHO GOES THERE!" (Vaudeville).—A genial flicker-comedy, with some swift lines ("Washington, the very heart of our great Empire") and an unusual setting in a "Grace and Favour" house at St. James's Palace. (April 4.)
 "HIS EXCELLENCY" (Piccadilly).—Donald Wolfit and Michael Shepley succeed to the Governorship and Lieutenant-Governorship of Salva in a play that still wears well after eleven months. (April 9.)
 JUDY GARLAND (Palladium).—Although the songs are soothing syrup, they rouse the audience to the wilder transports. (April 9.)
 "THE MARTINS' NEST" (Westminster).—An uneven serio-comic evening—on the theme of life in Putney—that one feels the obviously intelligent dramatist could have worked upon for another month, pruning, pointing, and generally strengthening. It is observantly acted. (April 12.)

supposed from the text: it comes to the theatre with surprising force and urgency. I am happy indeed to have collected the Duchess's penance, the death of Beaufort, the Cade rebellion and the lines on Salisbury (the "winter lion"), matters which it may be long before any Shakespearean finds again. Jack May expressed subtly the troubled King, longing for a cowl rather than a crown, but married to a tigress and seated at the very heart of the Wars of the Roses. Here, certainly, was excitement in a single set.

MR. BEVIN'S FUNERAL; AND NEWS FROM BRITAIN, FRANCE AND AT SEA.



MR. ERNEST BEVIN'S LAST JOURNEY: THE FUNERAL CORTÈGE LEAVING CARLTON HOUSE GARDENS FOR THE CREMATORIUM AT GOLDERS GREEN ON THE MORNING OF APRIL 18. On April 18, the remains of Mr. Ernest Bevin, the Lord Privy Seal and former Foreign Minister, were cremated at Golders Green. A distinguished gathering was present at the funeral, but both Mr. Churchill and Mr. Attlee were not able to attend and were represented.



THE U.S. OIL-TANKER *ESSO GREENSBORO* BURNING AFTER HER COLLISION WITH THE *ESSO SUEZ* IN THE GULF OF MEXICO: THIRTY-SEVEN OF HER CREW OF FORTY-TWO WERE LOST. Two tankers of the Standard Oil Company collided in fog early on April 20 in the Gulf of Mexico. One, the *Esso Greensboro* (10,195 tons), was loaded, and was quickly ablaze. Only five of her crew of forty-two were picked up alive. The *Esso Suez* (17,061 tons) was empty, and was able to proceed slowly. The total death-roll was thirty-nine.



(LEFT.) MARSHAL PÉTAIN IN PRISON AT L'ÎLE D'YEU, TALKING TO A GUARD; AND (ABOVE) AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE PRISON. HIS CELL IS ONE OF THE DOORS BEYOND THE WHITE BUILDING (CENTRE, RIGHT). On April 20, the ninety-five-year-old Marshal Pétain, confined to the citadel of L'Île d'Yeu, had a heart attack, and there were reports of his death. He received the last sacraments on April 21 and on April 22 was reported to be sinking fast. The French Government had increased the security guards on the island, in case of demonstrations.



THE GLASGOW FOOTBALL EXCURSION-TRAIN SMASH: THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER IN WHICH THREE PERSONS WERE KILLED AND SIXTY-NINE INJURED ON APRIL 21. On April 21, the first of two trains taking football spectators to the Scottish Cup Final at Hampden Park halted in a deep cutting on Cathcart Circle, Glasgow, when the second ploughed through the rear coaches. Three men were killed and sixty-nine persons were injured, seventeen of them being detained in hospitals. The possibility that the pulling of a communication-cord contributed to the accident was being investigated.



PRESENTED TO THE TATE GALLERY BY THE NATIONAL ART-COLLECTIONS FUND: "CHARLES MACKLIN AS SHYLOCK," BY JOHN ZOFFANY, FROM THE LANSDOWNE COLLECTION, BOWOOD.

This lively picture by John Zoffany, R.A. (1733-1810), commemorates Charles Macklin's last appearance in the rôle of Shylock at the age of ninety, a part which he first played in 1741, when he was much admired by Pope. Macklin died in 1797 when, according to some authorities, he was 107; according to others, 100. The figure on the extreme left of the picture is the first Earl of Mansfield, the famous lawyer. The picture has been several times exhibited, and is now on view at the Tate Gallery.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

PERSONALITIES IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE FORMATION OF A NATIONAL FRONT: LEADERS OF THE FOUR MOROCCAN INDEPENDENT PARTIES WHO SIGNED THE PACT.

On April 10 representatives of the four Moroccan nationalist parties signed a pact at Tangier setting up a united front and undertaking not to negotiate with France until Moroccan independence had been proclaimed. They also decided to sever all relations with the Residency at Rabat until this had been obtained. Our photograph shows (l to r.): Mekki Nagiri (leader of French Moroccan United Party); Mohamed Abdelhak Torres (leader of Spanish Morocco's Reformist Party); Allal El Fassi (leader of French Moroccan Independence Party) and Ahmed Ben Souada (representative of the French Moroccan Democratic Independence Party).



MRS. DAISY BATES.

Died in Adelaide on April 19, aged ninety. She was famous for her life-long work among the Australian aborigines, among whom she lived as a solitary European for thirty-five years. She was said to have an unequalled knowledge of native dialects and was an expert in bush lore. In 1939 her book "The Passing of the Aborigines" was published. In 1933 she was made a C.B.E.



"FOR SO MANY YEARS PRESIDENT OF PORTUGAL, BRITAIN'S MOST ANCIENT ALLY": THE LATE MARSHAL CARMONA WITH HIS WIFE.

Marshal Carmona, President of Portugal since 1928, died in Lisbon on April 18, aged eighty-one. In 1926 he was one of a triumvirate which seized power after the deposition of President Machado Guimaraes. Within a few months General Carmona assumed by decree the office of head of the State, and in 1928 was elected President. He set himself to achieve stability and efficiency in his country in place of chaos and corruption. He was thrice re-elected President of Portugal, in 1935, 1942 and 1949. At all times Marshal Carmona was a most faithful friend of Britain, and during World War II, he agreed to the Allies' use of the Azores as an anti-submarine base.



LORD JUSTICE ASQUITH.

Appointed a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary in succession to Lord MacDermott, who has been appointed Lord Chief Justice of Northern Ireland. Lord Justice Asquith, who is sixty, has been a Lord Justice of Appeal since 1946. From 1938-46 he was a Judge of the High Court of Justice, King's Bench Division.



THE SIGNING OF THE SCHUMAN PLAN PACT: THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE SIX COUNTRIES TAKING PART IN THE SALON DE L'HORLOGE OF THE QUAI D'ORSAY IN PARIS.

The treaty setting up a European coal and steel community was signed on April 18 in Paris by the representatives of the six countries taking part. M. Schuman said that it was his most earnest wish that soon the six countries might sign an additional agreement with Great Britain. Our photograph shows (l to r.): M. Van Zeeland (Belgium); M. Bech (Luxembourg); M. Meurice (Belgium); Count Sforza (Italy); M. Schuman (France); Dr. Adenauer (Germany); Dr. Stikker and M. van den Brink (The Netherlands).



LIEUT. JOHN BLACKBURN, D.S.C.

Commander of *Affray*, the submarine which failed to surface after diving on April 16 during exercises. The elder son of Captain and Mrs. J. A. Blackburn, he was appointed to *Affray* in January. He was awarded the D.S.C. on July 6, 1943, for "gallantry, skill and outstanding devotion in successful patrols in one of H.M. submarines."



PRINCE FATEH SINGH OF BARODA.

The twenty-one-year-old eldest son of Sir Pratap Singh, former Maharaja of Baroda. On April 13 the Government of India informed Sir Pratap that they had decided to recognise Prince Fateh as Maharaja in his place. Sir Pratap has appealed to Dr. Prasad; and Prince Fateh Singh has not yet accepted the status of ruler.



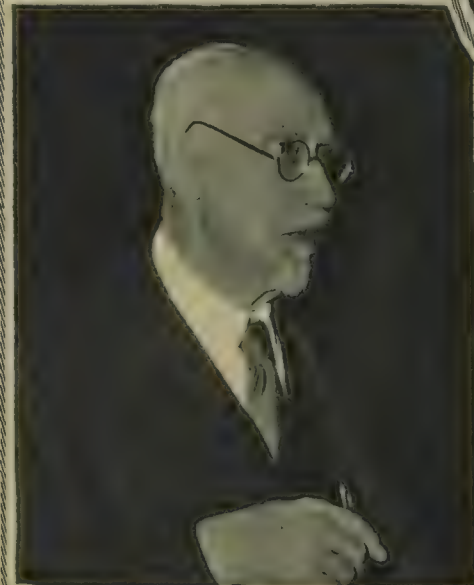
MR. G. A. WALLINGER.

Appointed Ambassador to Siam in place of Sir John Hall Magowan, who died recently. Mr. Wallinger, who is forty-seven, has been Minister to Hungary since 1949; he was previously a Counsellor in the Foreign Office, after serving as Counsellor in China from 1943-47. He entered the Diplomatic Service in 1926.



SIR OSWALD SCOTT, K.C.M.G.

New British Ambassador to Peru, he kissed hands upon his appointment on April 17, and the King conferred on him the honour of Knighthood and invested him with the Insignia of a K.C.M.G. He has been British Minister to Finland since 1947. He served in World War I. and was awarded the D.S.O.



THE DEATH OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE ITALIAN SENATE: SIGNOR IVANOE BONOMI.

Signor Bonomi, the Italian elder statesman and President of the Senate since 1949, died in Rome on April 20, aged seventy-seven. He was Prime Minister of the last Italian Government before Mussolini overthrew democratic institutions in 1922, and was the first Prime Minister after the Allies captured Rome in 1944, a post he held until June, 1945. He wrote a number of political works.



SIR CECIL SYERS.

To succeed Sir Walter Hankinson, Ambassador-Designate to the Republic of Ireland, as High Commissioner in Ceylon. Sir Cecil, who is forty-eight, has been a Deputy Under-Secretary of State in the Commonwealth Relations Office since 1948. From 1942-46 he was Deputy U.K. High Commissioner in South Africa.



THE RT. HON. H. U. WILLINK.

Chairman of the Royal Commission on Betting, Lotteries and Gaming which issued its report on April 17 in a Blue Book of more than 100,000 words. Mr. Willink, K.C., is Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge, and was Conservative M.P. for Croydon (North) from 1940-1948, and Minister of Health, 1943-45.



THE DEATH OF THE REPUBLICAN CHAMPION OF THE UNITED NATIONS: SENATOR VANDENBERG.

Senator Arthur Vandenberg died on April 18 at his home in Michigan at the age of sixty-seven. He had been a Senator for Michigan since 1928, and until January last year was chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Senator Vandenberg was a convinced isolationist until 1940, but subsequently he worked unsparringly for co-operation among the Western nations.

THE CAMBRIDGE CREW DEFEAT HARVARD.



RESTING ON THEIR OARS AFTER FINISHING $1\frac{1}{4}$ LENGTHS AHEAD OF HARVARD: THE CAMBRIDGE CREW ON THE CHARLES RIVER, WHERE THEY WON THEIR SECOND RACE IN THE U.S.A.



THE ALL-CONQUERING CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY CREW OF 1951, WHICH HAS DEFEATED OXFORD, HARVARD AND YALE: A GROUP, INCLUDING THE SPARE MEN AND THE COACHES. The group shows from left to right: (Back row) J. N. King (spare); R. Meldrum (coach); R. J. Owen (coach); D. D. Macklin (No. 2; Felsted and Lady Margaret); H. R. N. Rickett (coach); R. W. Lister (spare). (Front row) R. F. A. Sharpley (No. 4; Shrewsbury and Lady Margaret); W. A. D. Windham (No. 7; Bedford and Christ's); H. H. Almond (bow; Shrewsbury and Lady Margaret); C. B. M. Lloyd (No. 6; Shore School, N.S.W., and Lady Margaret); D. M. Jennens (stroke; Oundle and Clare); E. J. Worlidge (No. 5; Marlborough and Lady Margaret); J. G. P. Crowden (No. 3; Bedford and Pembroke). (On ground) J. F. K. Hinde (cox; Malvern and Pembroke).



HANDING THE PAUL REVERE BOWL, WHICH WAS PRESENTED IN MID-STREAM, TO MR. RICKETT, THE COACH: C. B. M. LLOYD, PRESIDENT OF THE CAMBRIDGE U.B.C.

The Cambridge crew which defeated Oxford in this year's University Boat Race have been in the United States, where they rowed against Yale on the Housatonic River on April 14, winning by some four lengths in 8 mins. 22½ secs. over $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles, and against Harvard, Boston University and Massachusetts Institute of Technology during the Patriots' Day Regatta on the Charles River on April 19. In the latter event a crowd of some 25,000 saw Cambridge win by a length and a half from Harvard in 9 mins. 38 secs. over $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles. They soon took the lead and held it all the way, and it was reported that "both crews crossed the line rowing stroke for stroke, in one of the finest fighting finishes ever seen." The Cambridge boat has been bought by Mr. Oliver Filley, who stroked for Harvard in the race at Putney in 1906, and has been presented to his University.

IN KOREA: THE HWACHON DAM CAPTURED.

On April 18 United Nations forces captured the Hwachon reservoir without a fight, although previously the Communists had made every effort to inundate the ground by opening the floodgates and so delay the U.N. advance. The assault troops found that the Communists had only succeeded in opening eight of the eighteen gates, probably due to lack of proper equipment. The dam is the third largest in Korea (275 ft. high) and one of the principal sources of hydro-electric power for Seoul and other towns in South Korea. There were two initial attacks before the reservoir was taken, the first was beaten back and the second, an amphibious assault, was no more successful, the force withdrawing after beating back a determined Communist counter-attack. On April 21 U.N. troops attacked on a 25-mile front west of Hwachon and made gains of from one to five miles. On some parts of the front no contact was made with the enemy.



CAPTURED WITHOUT A FIGHT ON APRIL 18: THE SPILLWAY AND DAM OF THE HWACHON RESERVOIR AS SEEN FROM A UNITED NATIONS AIRCRAFT.



ON THE BANKS OF THE HWACHON RESERVOIR: MEMBERS OF A UNITED NATIONS ASSAULT FORCE RESTING AFTER THEY HAD REACHED THEIR OBJECTIVE.

HOME NEWS: A ROYAL OCCASION; A RE-DEDICATION AND RENOVATIONS.



RESTORED AND RENOVATED AFTER BEING DAMAGED DURING THE WAR: THE QUEEN'S CHAPEL IN THE GROUNDS OF MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.



RE-DEDICATED BY THE BISHOP OF LONDON: THE QUEEN'S CHAPEL AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, SHOWING THE ROYAL PEW—A SMALL GALLERY AT THE WEST END.

The Queen's Chapel, Marlborough House, has now been restored after being damaged in 1941. Dr. Wand, the Bishop of London, arranged to re-dedicate the Chapel on April 24.



A "REVOLUTIONARY EXPERIMENT IN UNIVERSITY EDUCATION": THE NEW NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE AT KEELE HALL, NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYME.

On April 17, H.M. the Queen officially opened North Staffordshire University College at Keele, about five miles west of Stoke-on-Trent. The college, which cost £1,500,000, is residential and is claimed to be a "revolutionary experiment in university education." The curriculum aims to leaven university specialisation with a broader basis of general education. The Queen was received by Lord Lindsay of Birker, the Principal. Earlier her Majesty had attended functions at Stoke-on-Trent.



TOURING THE GROUNDS OF NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, AT KEELE: H.M. THE QUEEN ACCOMPANIED BY THE PRINCIPAL, LORD LINDSAY OF BIRKER.



THE REPLANNING OF PARLIAMENT SQUARE, WESTMINSTER: A GENERAL VIEW FROM THE WESTERN SIDE, SHOWING THE SQUARE AS IT APPEARED IN THE MIDDLE OF APRIL WITH THE ALTERATIONS ALMOST COMPLETED, AND SHOWING THE NEW CARRIAGEWAY (FOREGROUND).

On April 21 the work of reconstruction in Parliament Square, Westminster, officially ended. As Parliament Square lies on one of the main approaches to the Festival site on the South Bank the new carriageway—which can be seen in the foreground of the photograph—has been constructed in time to take the extra traffic to the Exhibition. In the reconstructed Square there is more room for flower-beds, which will soon be gay with flowers.



MEN WORKING OVERHEAD: THE GREAT CROSS SURMOUNTING THE BALL ABOVE THE DOME OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL BEING CLEANED FOR THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN.

ARTS COUNCIL FESTIVAL PURCHASES: CONTEMPORARY BRITISH PAINTINGS.



"AQUARIAN NATIVITY": BY IVON HITCHENS, b. 1893, WHO IS REPRESENTED IN THE TATE, THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT, AND OTHER GALLERIES. HE STUDIED AT THE ST. JOHN'S WOOD SCHOOL AND THE R.A. SCHOOLS.



"INTERIOR NEAR PADDINGTON": BY LUCIAN FREUD (b. 1922). HE IS A TEACHER AT THE SLADE SCHOOL, AND HELD HIS LAST ONE-MAN SHOW AT THE HANOVER GALLERY IN 1949.



"MISS LYNN": BY CLAUDE ROGERS (b. 1907). HE IS A TEACHER AT THE SLADE SCHOOL, WHERE HE WAS OFTEN BURSAR AND ROBERT ROSS LEAVING SCHOOL. HE WAS ONE OF THE FOUR FOUNDERS OF THE EUSTON ROAD SCHOOL.



TO mark the Festival of Britain, the Arts Council invited sixty artists to paint a large work on a subject of their own choice. Fifty-four paintings were completed, and the exhibition, entitled "Sixty Paintings for '51," due to open in Manchester on May 2, will be in London at the R.B.A. Galleries from June 22 to July 31, before touring the provinces and Scotland. We illustrate the five paintings selected for purchase by the Arts Council for £500 each, by Jhr. W. Sandberg, Director of the Municipal Museum, Amsterdam, Mr. Alan Clutton-Brock, art critic of *The Times*, and Mr. A. J. L. McDonnell, purchaser for the Felton Bequest to the National Gallery of Victoria, in Melbourne, who acted as judges. Mr. Ivon Hitchens, a member of the Seven and Five Group, held his first one-man show in 1925; Mr. Robert Medley, a member of the London Group, held his last exhibition at the Hanover Galleries in 1950; and the Tate Gallery purchased a painting from it. Mr. William Gear, son of a Fife miner, studied in Edinburgh. His war service lasted from 1940 to 1947, and he then worked in Paris.

(LEFT.) "BICYCLISTS AGAINST A BLUE BACKGROUND": BY ROBERT MEDLEY (b. 1906), WHO STUDIED AT THE SLADE.

(RIGHT.) "AUTUMN LANDSCAPE": BY WILLIAM GEAR (b. 1915). A ONE-MAN SHOW OF HIS RECENT WORK IS IN PROGRESS AT THE GIMPEL GALLERY.



NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

IT does seem odd that Stendhal's unfinished monument—*Lucien Leuwen* by default, though he himself would doubtless have decided on a misnomer—should only now be coming out in English. Here we have the first part, entitled "*The Green Huntsman*" (John Lehmann; 10s. 6d.). Why not be frank? Its late appearance is surprising because Stendhal wrote it, not because it is a great work, or likely to attract an English public on its own merits. For that, we are too distant from the main concern: the state of French politics and the resulting social set-up under Louis-Philippe. Nor can one say the finished novel would have been a great work. It might—it has the substance in profusion. But would that substance ever have been organised, and fully vitalised? I rather think not. Stendhal had no remedy for lack of form; he actually defined a novel as "a mirror moving along a road," and this profoundly comic recipe is illustrated by his own practice. All he excepted was "the hero's passion." And it was only in this passion, in the heat of an intense day-dream, that his much-talked-of "chemistry" could really burst into life. But in the present instance it is much diluted, as he said himself. This hero is too comfortable, undæmonic—so the story never gets well away.

And really, what has Lucien to aim at? He was born rich. He is "enthusiastic," certainly, but in a void; for the heroic age is past, and though a patriot he "sees the gravest objections to every form of government." He has learnt irony from an indulgent father, and his mother's salon is the place he loves best. If he were really heedless of opinion, "a contented child," it would be scarcely possible to get him out of it. But as in point of fact he has the Stendhal touchiness, a jeer at his "silver spoon" goads him at once to a commission in the lancers, and a life of exile. He finds himself in garrison at Nancy, in a howling wilderness and a despised army—despised by Royalists and Republicans alike. And being a "noble soul," he scorns them all back. Then he is rescued by a *grand amour*, for the sublimest "ultra" of the province. By a grotesque device, his faith in her is shattered—so he runs home.

This love-affair might have gained hugely in revision; for it needs concentrating. Yet even then, though brilliant, would it quite come off? Thus far, it strikes one that the obstacles are flimsy and that opportunities are being wasted—if only by comparison with Stendhal at his highest pitch. And to be sure, a novelist whose literary being is so confined, and so original, must always tend to wear out; even his changes are imbued with sameness. As for the background here, with its assorted riffraff—"dead-centre" officers, degraded heroes and provincial "Jacobites"—it is the usual study in contempt, and as a study is superb. The figures are exactly drawn, and admirably varied—but they don't live; Stendhal could analyse; but not display them, and you rarely want to meet them again. There is one notable exception, Dr. Du Poirier—that vulgar manager of the blue-blooded. In him we might and should have had a great character, but the creative touch is wanting.

And now, of course, there is a change of level. Stendhal, whose greatness is admitted, must be judged on that plane; now we return to ordinary standards—and a first novel. "*The House in the Valley*," by Patric Shone (Cape; 10s. 6d.), is rather promisingly odd; it is about a child plumped down among a houseful of decaying gentry. Although they are his mother's people, he has never seen them. She eloped with a working man, then sickened of him and eloped afresh—and now "that man" has died, and little Robert is to go to the Mortimers. And they are all aflutter, for a child at Greys is something quite new. Gabriel "keeps the family together"—mostly in their own rooms; brothers and sisters lean on him, he leans on Thomas, the Welsh servant, and his second-wife bustles round. And all are thoroughly dug in and quietly mouldering. This child is like a glad disturbance of the air. But they have no conception how to deal with him. Robert is only six, and agonising for his daddy, but they never talk of "that man." He is afraid of going to bed, and of the country noises, but they don't notice. He is a sentimental novelty and not a job; and when he gets in the way, they shoo him kindly off and leave him at a loose end. Bored, furious, forlorn, he seeks an outlet in extreme naughtiness—and what is more, it works. It awakens a maternal passion in his aunt Agatha; so when his "real" granny comes from Deptford to reclaim him there is real conflict.

It is a hopeful little book: rather short-winded for a novel, and a trifle hazy in parts, but live, original and unexaggerated.

Nobody could say the same of "*Fair Wind to Java*," by Garland Roark (Falcon Press; 12s. 6d.), to which exaggeration is the breath of life. It ought, I think, to be described as a roaring yarn. A Boston clipper in the '80's: a dæmonic captain: feud, treachery, financial conjuring, and hell upon the high seas—that gives you some idea of the lay-out. The plot seems thoroughly involved, and never flags. But truth to tell, I couldn't keep up: I was so battered by the raging style. Eyes "loll in shame and fury," or they "dig into one"—and that, moreover, at some length.

But now we move into pellucid waters. "*They Came to Baghdad*," by Agatha Christie (Collins; 8s. 6d.), is not detection this time, but a thriller. And I don't mind—such is the writer's solitary genius. She is an expert in both genres and never muddles them, and I am quite content either way. A third and clandestine World Front is trying to goad the others to annihilation; but the truth has leaked out, and proofs are needed for a Baghdad conference at the supreme level. The usual spirited young creature is Victoria Jones, a London typist with a gift of mimicry and genius for telling lies. She has just lost a job, and fallen for a strange young man; and he is off to Baghdad, so she goes after him—and plunges headlong into peril and mystery. Always the same thing—and what is really magical, the same effect: fresh, brisk and so engaging, time after time.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THE book of the "Fifth American Chess Congress, New York, 1880," by Charles Gilberg, a weighty affair of 539 pages, is not the sort of tome to which you would turn for a good laugh, but one incident from the "Grand Tournament" I find most amusing, not least through the pained and pompous style of the narrator. He is talking of the last round.

"In order to escape the possible dilemma of retrograding into third position, it then became a paramount necessity to Mr. Grundy that he should defeat his opponent, and his utmost efforts were strained to effect that end. At the close of the afternoon session Mr. Ware had acquired a winning position, but upon resuming the game in the evening, by some apparently purposeless moves—which, however, may be inferred from the sequel to have involved a deep and disgraceful design—Mr. Grundy was permitted to retrieve his position from the threatened danger and eventually—though not precisely a part of that design—to win the game."

"We wish that we could draw a veil over the lamentable portion of the history of this tournament that now remains to be related; or, let us rather say, that we wish that moral rectitude and incorruptibility would have spared us the painful duty of referring to an episode which cast a pall over an event that had borne every promise of terminating under the happiest auspices." (Isn't it lovely?)

"... Mr. Preston Ware, Jr., appeared before the sub-committee ... and presented a written statement wherein he preferred serious charges against Mr. Grundy. ... His allegation, which implicated himself as *particeps criminis* in the undignified transaction, and consequently assumed the character of a State's evidence confession, averred as follows: 'I was walking down the Bowery with Mr. Grundy. ... He remarked to me that he was poor and really needed the second prize. ... That Mohle and Judd were well off and it would not make any difference to me if I played easily in our next game so as to give him the second prize; and that he would be willing to give a consideration for it.' I said, 'I suppose you mean for us to play for a draw?' He said, 'Yes,' and I agreed to do it, and 20 dollars was agreed upon as the consideration. We agreed to play on very slowly until the other games were terminated, and to move back and forth to prolong the game. At the adjournment I evidently had the best of the game, and he said, at our lunch, that he would delay coming in until about 8 o'clock, but that I should start up his clock, as he had plenty of time to spare. But, instead, he came in soon after 7 o'clock, and when we began to play I moved back and forward as agreed, and after I had done so, perhaps three or four times, I observed he was making desperate efforts to win, and finally did so, perpetrating an infamous fraud upon me."

Mr. Grundy "opposed a firm denial" and "the case resolved itself into a question of veracity between two individuals, one of whom freely acknowledged a guilty participation in the wrongdoings which he charged upon the other but which the defendant pronounced as a complete fabrication," so the committee finally returned a verdict of "not proven." The game itself remains, seventy years after, as mute evidence.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

LIBERTY—AND THE THREATS TO IT.

I AM sorry if I must begin yet another article with a thoroughly disturbing book. But I cannot avoid it. The book is Mr. Charles Morgan's "*Liberties of the Mind*" (Macmillan; 12s. 6d.). This book of essays was not intended, as Mr. Morgan points out, as a synthesis. It was inspired by the visit to his house of an American physicist who suggested to him, with that horrible detachment which makes modern scientists so frightening, that certain experiments on which he was engaged would soon enable scientists to control the human brain. Linking this new thought with the enigma of the Soviet trials of Cardinal Mindszenty and others, he envisages a situation where the human being can be either forced or be willing to surrender his personality to some State or other agency. He draws attention to the readiness of men and women in the modern world to surrender their identities, and thus deprive themselves of the natural mental health which, like physical health, provides the greatest resistant force to an insidious disease. He thus aligns himself with Mr. Clifford, the author of "*Enter Citizens*," and Mr. Robert Payne, the author of the penetrating book on Nihilism and Terrorism, to which I have drawn attention in recent articles. He points out—and his introductory article on "*Mind Control*" is the most important of the whole book—that the groundwork for the surrender of the liberties of the mind was laid down by the smugness and complacency of our Victorian ancestors.

Tennyson, who had begun with such high hopes for his age of material progress which would lead to "a Parliament of Man, a Federation of the World," in his later years suddenly saw whither the materialists' utopianism was tending. The interesting point, however, was the fury of his contemporaries at Tennyson's mere suggestion that "a mighty wave of evil" was passing over the world. Mr. Gladstone, a close personal friend of Tennyson's, wrote "justice does not require, nay, rather she forbids, that the Jubilee of the Queen be marred by tragic notes." Here was the first and most authoritative example of that capacity for refusing to see that causes very frequently have effects which makes us so vulnerable when faced by clear-headed ruthless tyranny to-day. Like Mr. Payne, Mr. Morgan realises that "the purpose of the attack is the old one: to produce chaos. But since the beginning of the nineteenth century, the vulnerability of the human race has been changed. In the past, each man was vulnerable in his own heart; now men are vulnerable also in their collectivity." The rest of the essays in this book are always interesting, and range from the gently amusing to the serious and important. It is, however, the introductory chapter and the two which follow it—"The Liberty of Thought" and "The Artist in the Community"—which are of pre-eminent value.

While the Victorians, by their complacency, were laying the foundations of the attack on the human mind and personality, in another direction they were making that attack more assured of success. Henry Mayhew, with a number of collaborators, produced a number of monumental volumes on the social life of London of exactly 100 years ago. For while (as Mr. Keith Feiling puts it) ladies in Victorian drawing-rooms were singing "I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby," the industrial system on which their prosperity was based was busily manufacturing the street Arab. "*London's Underworld*," edited by Peter Quennell (Kimber; 18s.), is an absorbingly interesting description of London in 1851. Mayhew (and by internal evidence sometimes at real risk to himself of life or limb) carried out an exhaustive enquiry into all the aspects of vice and crime which then flourished in such abundance from the high-class "seclusives" of prostitution to the more ingenious beggars and confidence tricksters of the Metropolis.

One curious aspect of this book is the quiet assumption that all Irish and Jews were rascals. The Irish are always referred to as the lowest of the low—"Irish cockneys." There are also such references as "the night-houses and supper-rooms in the neighbourhood of the Haymarket are for the most part in the hands of a family of Jews." Kate Hamilton's, in Prince Street, Leicester Square, belongs to one of this family. She is given a percentage on all the wine that she sells during the course of the evening, and as she charges 12s. a bottle for Moselle and Sparkling Wines, it may readily be supposed that her profits are by no means despicable" (*sic*). Or again: "They were dressed in a curious assortment of colours, as the low English invariably are, and their faces had a peculiar unctuous appearance, somewhat Israelitish." One must remember that "Dizzy" was only just beginning to establish that ascendancy over the British aristocratic and land-owning classes, which did so much to achieve the final emancipation of the Jews.

From 1851 to 1951, and the railways of the world. "*World Railways*," 1950-51, edited by Henry Sampson (Sampson Low, Marston; £3 3s.), bids fair to become a "*Jane's Fighting Ships*" of the locomotive world. It is well documented, and with its illustrations should appeal to the schoolboy that lurks in every one of us. I am, however, surprised that the most modern and remarkable train in the world, the 100-mile-an-hour Diesel

"articulated" Talgo train, which has been running on the Spanish railways for some time past, is not even mentioned.

To make two further abrupt switches, I must mention Edmond-René Labande's "*Florence*" (Nicholas Kaye; 18s.), more than adequately translated and adapted by Janet Hamilton. All who love that wonderful city will welcome this attractive volume. A further volume in the "*Masters of Painting*" series is "*Gustave Courbet*," by Marcel Zahar (Longmans, Green; 10s. 6d.). I doubt if Mr. Charles Morgan would wholly have approved of Gustave Courbet, who carried his violent political opinions into the realm of art—a first step on the road which leads to the ridiculous nonsense of the "party liners" east of the Iron Curtain. The book, however, is pleasingly written and illustrated. E. D. O'BRIEN.



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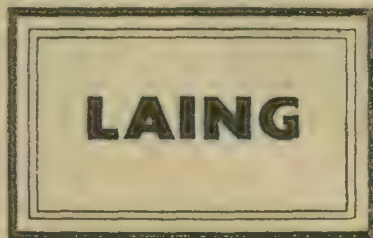
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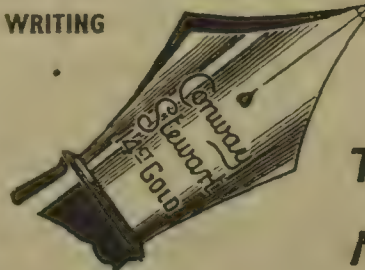
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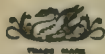


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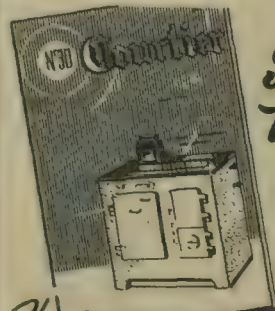
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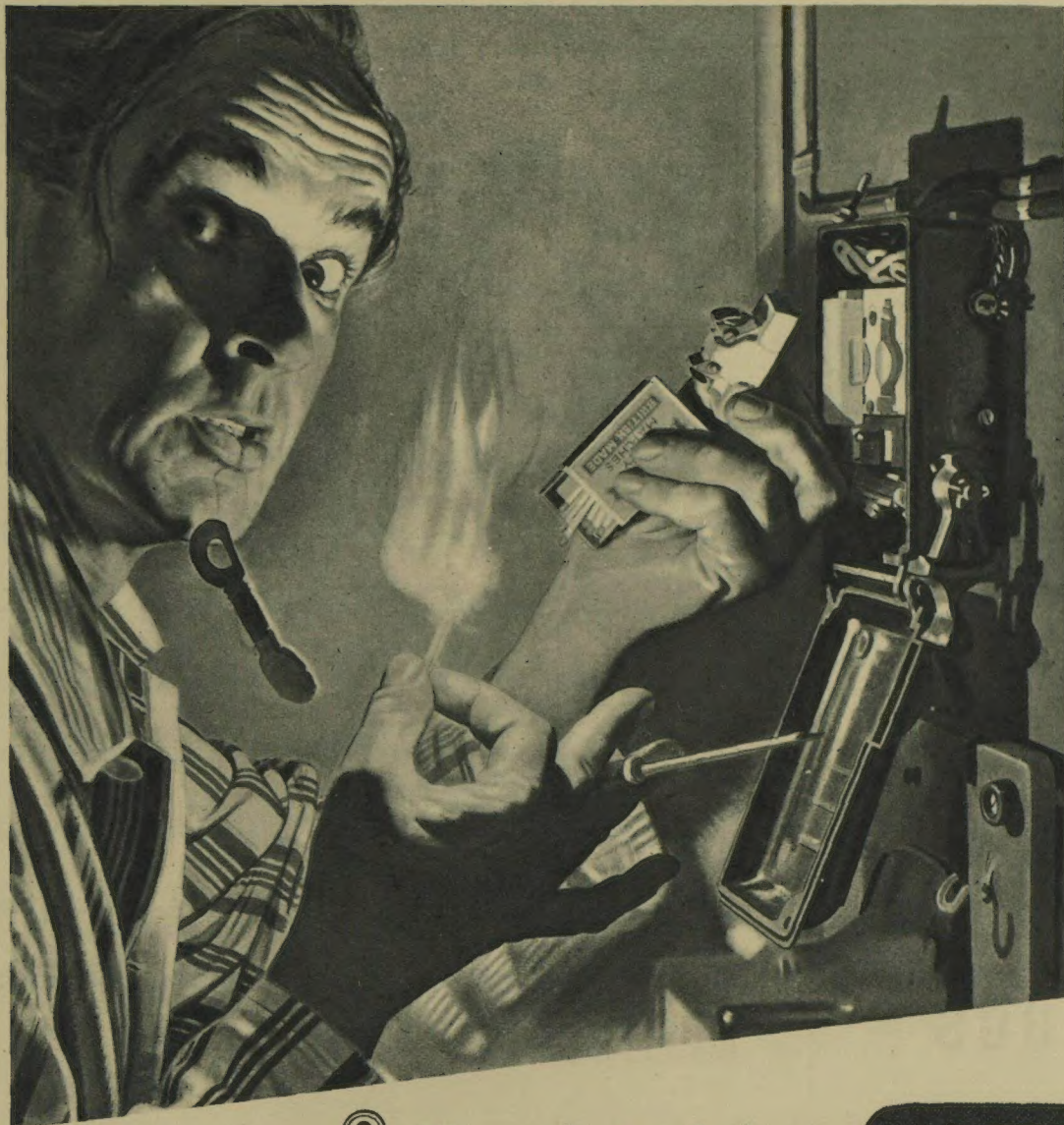


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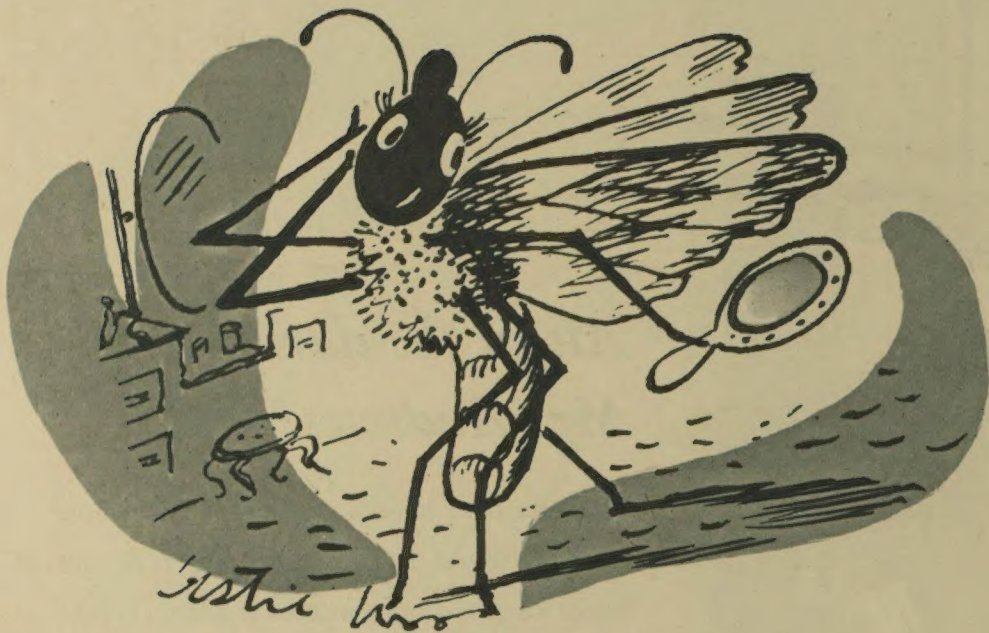


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WHITBREAD'S ENGLAND



FIN DE SIECLE. As each century draws to a close there is an air of expectancy. People feel that one age is coming to an end and that another is about to begin. Now the catchword is *fin de siècle*. "Stuffy" is the pet term of abuse and stuffy means ball fringe and aspidistras, piety and good plain sewing. The opposite is owning a bicycle and knowing about Aubrey Beardsley, dining in a public restaurant and even (horrible to state) smoking a cigarette.

The hansom with its jingling bells and the clip-clop of its horse over the cobbles is the characteristic vehicle of the 'nineties'. With it go top hats, black and shiny or smooth and grey, and the frock coat with a flower in the buttonhole. The gentleman in the picture who is about to present the cab-driver with "half-a-sov.", may just have returned from watching W. G. Grace at Lord's.

A pleasant epoch, one can't help thinking, when income tax was around sixpence in the pound and when there seemed no reason why prosperity should not go on for ever. Modern life is more hectic, and for that reason we may appreciate more the leisure and pleasure which we earn. Our taste is still for the best of beer. Whitbread's brew it.

